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PRESCOTT'S PERU.*

THE world's history contains no chapter more striking and attractive than that comprising the narrative of Spanish conquest in the Americas. Teeming with interest to the historian and philosopher, to the lover of daring enterprise and marvellous adventure it is full of fascination. On the vast importance of the discovery of a western hemisphere, vying in size, as it one day, perhaps, may compete in civilization and power, with its eastern rival, it were idle to expatiate. But the manner of its conquest commands unceasing admiration. It needs the concurring testimony of a host of chroniclers and eye-witnesses to convince succeeding generations that the hardships endured, the perils surmounted, the victories obtained, by the old conquistadores of Mexico and Peru, were as real as their record is astounding. The subjugation of vast and populous empires by petty detachments of adventurers, often scantily provided and ignorantly led—the extraordinary daring with which they risked themselves, a few score strong, into the heart of unknown countries, and in the midst of hostile millions—require strong confirmation to obtain credence. Exploits so romantic go near to realize the feats of those fabulous paladins who, cased in impervious steel and wielding enchanted lance, overthrew armies as easily as a Quixote scattered merinos. Hardly, when the tale is put before us in the quaint and garrulous chronicle of an Oviedo, or a Zarate, can we bring ourselves to accept it as history, not as the wild invention of imaginative monks, beguiling conventual leisure by the composition of fantastical romance. And the man who undertakes, at the present day, to narrate in all their details the exploits and triumphs of a Cortés or a Pizarro, allots himself no slight task. A clear head and a sound judgment, great industry and a skilful pen, are needed to do justice to the subject; to extract and combine the scraps of truth buried under mountains of fiction and misrepresentation, to sift facts from the partial accounts of Spanish jurists and officials, and to correct the boastful misrepresentations of insolent conquerors. The necessary qualities have been found united in the person of an accomplished American author. Already favorably known by his histories of the eventful and chivalrous reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the exploits of the Great Marquis and his iron followers, Mr. Prescott has added to his well-merited reputation by his narrative of the Conquest of Peru. In its compilation he has spared no pains. Private collections and public libraries, the archives of Madrid and the manuscripts of the Escorial, he has ransacked and collated. And he has been so scrupulously conscientious as to send to Lima for a copy of the portrait whose engraving faces his title-page. But although his materials had to be procured from

many and distant countries, their collection appears to have occasioned him less trouble than their abundance. The comrades and contemporaries of Pizarro were afflicted with a scribbling mania. They have left masses of correspondence, of memoranda and personal diaries, contradictory of each other, often absurd in their exaggerations and childish in their triviality. From this farrago has Mr. Prescott had to cull—a labor of no trifling magnitude, whose result is most creditable to him. And to our admiration of his talents are added feelings of strong sympathy, when we read his manly and affecting account of the painful circumstances under which the work was done. Deprived by an accident of the sight of one eye, the other has for years been so weak as at times to be useless to him for all purposes of reading and writing. At intervals he was able to read print several hours a day, but manuscript was far more trying to his impaired vision, and writing was only possible through those aids by which even the stone-blind may accomplish it. But when he could read, although only by daylight, he felt, he says, satisfied with being raised so nearly to a level with the rest of his species. Unfortunately the evil increases. "The sight of my eye has become gradually dimmed, whilst the sensibility of the nerve has been so far increased, that for several weeks of the last year I have not opened a volume, and through the whole time I have not had the use of it, on an average, for more than an hour a day." Sustained by love of letters, and assisted by readers and amanuenses, the student and scholar has triumphed over these cruel disadvantages, surmounted all obstacles, and produced three long and important historical works, conspicuous by their impartiality, research, and elegance; entitling him to an exceedingly honorable position amongst writers in the English tongue, and to one of the very loftiest places in the as yet scantily filled gallery of American men of letters. The last of these works, of which Pizarro is the hero and Peru the scene, yields nothing in merit or interest to its predecessors.

The discovery of America infected Europe with a fever of exploration. Scarce a country was there, possessing a sea frontier, whence expeditions did not proceed with a view to appropriate a share of the spoils and territory of the new-found *El-Dorado*. In these ventures Spain, fresh from her long and bloody struggle with the Moor, and abounding in fierce unsettled spirits, eager for action and adventure, took a prominent part. The conquests of Cortés followed hard upon the discoveries of Columbus: Dutch, English, and Portuguese pushed their investigations in all directions; and, in less than thirty years from its first discovery, the whole eastern coast of both Americas was explored from north to south. The vast empire of Mexico was added to the Spanish crown, and the mother country was glutted and intoxicated by the Pactolus that flowed from this new possession. But enterprise was not yet exhausted, or thirst of gold satiated, and Balboa's discovery of the Pacific gave fresh stimulus to both. Rumor had long

* *History of the Conquest of Peru; with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas.* By William H. Prescott. London: 1847. Harper & Brothers, New York.

spoken of lands, as yet untrodden by European foot, where the precious metals were abundant and worthless as the sand upon the sea-beach. Years elapsed before any well-directed attempt was made to reach these golden shores. With a view to discovery and traffic in the Pacific, a settlement was made on the southern side of the Isthmus of Darien, and the town of Panama was built. But the armaments that were fitted out took a westerly direction, in hopes to realize a fixed idea of the Spanish government relative to an imaginary strait intersecting the isthmus. At last an expedition sailed southwards, but soon returned, owing to the bad health of its commander. This was in 1522. The moment and the man had not yet arrived. They came, two years later; Pizarro appeared, and Peru was discovered.

But the discovery was comparatively a trifling matter. There lay the long line of coast, stretching south-eastwards from Panama; the navigator disposed to explore it, had but to spread his sails, keep the land in sight, and take the risk of the hidden shoals and reefs that might lie in his course. The seas to be crossed were often tempestuous; the country intervening between St. Michael's gulf and the southern empire, whose rumored wealth and civilization wrought so potently upon Spanish imagination, was peopled by fierce and warlike tribes. Shipwreck was to be dreaded, and a landing might for weeks or months be unsafe, if not impracticable. But what were such secondary dangers contrasted with the perils, doubly terrible from their unknown and mysterious nature, incurred by the sanguine Genoese and his bold companions, when they turned their brigantine's prow westward from Europe, and sailed—they knew not whither? Here the path was comparatively plain, and the goal ascertained; and although risks must be dared, reward was tolerably certain; for further tidings of the Peruvian empire had reached the ears of the Spaniards, less shadowy and incomplete than the vague hints received by Balboa from an Indian chief. Andagoya, the officer whom illness had compelled to abandon an expedition when it was scarcely commenced, had brought back intelligence far more explicit, obtained from Indian traders who had penetrated by land into the empire of the Incas, as far (so he says in his own manuscript, comprised in Navarrete's collection) as its capital city of Cuzco. They spoke of a pagan but civilized land, opulent and flourishing; they described the divisions of its provinces, the wealth of its cities, the manners and usages of its inhabitants. But had their description been far more minute and glowing, the imagination of those who received the accounts would still have outstripped reality and possibility. Those were the days of golden visions and chimerical day-dreams. In the fancy of the greedy and credulous Spaniards, each corner of the New World contained treasures, compared to which the golden trees and jewelled fruits of Aladdin's garden were paste and tinsel. The exaggerated reports of those adventurers who returned wealth-laden to Spain, were swollen by repetition to dimensions which enchantment only could have realized. No marvels were too monstrous and unwieldy for the craving gullet of popular credulity. "They listened with attentive ears to tales of Amazons, which seemed to revive the classic legend of antiquity, to stories of Patagonian giants, to flaming pictures of an *El-Dorado*, where the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of

the rivers." And expeditions were actually undertaken in search of a magical fountain of health, of golden sepulchres and temples. The Amazons and the water of life are still to be discovered; but as to golden temples and jewelled sands, their equivalents, at least, were forthcoming—not for the many, but for a chosen and lucky few. Of the fortunes of these the record is preserved; of the misfortunes of those comparatively little is told us. We hear of the thousands of golden *castellanos* that fell to the lot of men, who a moment previously, were without a maravedi in their tattered pouches; we find no catalogue of the fever-stricken victims who left their bones in the noxious districts of Panama and Castillo de Oro. And those who achieved riches, earned them hardly by peril and privation, although, in the magnificence of the plunder, past sufferings were quickly forgotten. Thrice did Pizarro and his daring companions sail southward; countless were their hardships, bitter their disappointments, before the sunshine of success rewarded their toils, revealing to them treasures that must in some degree have appeased even their appetite for lucre. They came suddenly upon a town whose inhabitants, taken by surprise, fled in consternation, abandoning their property to the invaders. It was the emerald region, and great store of the gems fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Pizarro had one as large as a pigeon's egg. A quantity of crowns and other ornaments, clumsily fashioned, but of pure gold and silver, were more to the taste of the ignorant conquerors, who were sceptical as to the value of the jewels. "Many of them," says Pedro Pizarro, whose rough, straightforward account of the discovery and conquest of Peru is frequently quoted by Mr. Prescott, "had emeralds of great value; some tried them upon anvils, striking them with hammers, saying, that if they were genuine, they would not break; others despised them, and affirmed that they were glass." A cunning monk, one of the missionaries whom Pizarro had been ordered by the Spanish government to take out in his ships, encouraged this opinion, in order to buy up the emeralds as their market value declined. The specie, however, was of immense amount, if the authority just quoted may be depended upon. He talks of two hundred thousand *castellanos*, the commercial value of which was equivalent to more than half a million sterling. This from one village, of no great size or importance. It was a handsome earnest of future spoils, and of the mountain of gold which, as an inca's ransom, awaited the Spaniards at Cuzco.

In these days, when the rumored existence of a land previously unknown provokes expeditions authorized and fitted out by half the maritime powers of Europe, and when great nations risk the peace of the world for the possession of a paltry Pacific islet, the small degree of vigor shown by the Spanish crown in pushing its American discoveries fills us with surprise. Take Peru as an instance. The Isthmus of Darien was colonized by Spaniards; Mexico was theirs, and the armaments sent by Pedrarias from Panama to explore in a north-westerly direction, had met at Honduras the conquerors of the Aztecs, the brave and fortunate companions of Hernan Cortés. One empire had received the Spanish yoke; at Panama the foot of the European was on the threshold of another; but there it paused, desirous, yet fearing, to proceed. No aid or encouragement to enterprise was afforded from Spain; it was left to private capital and individual daring further to extend colonies already so

vast. A priest found the money; two veteran soldiers, of low extraction, desperate fortunes, and brave spirit, undertook the risk. The most remarkable of the three men who thus formed a partnership for the conquest of kingdoms, could neither read nor write, was illegitimate, and a foundling. "He was born in Truxillo," says Gomara, in his *Historia de las Indias*; "was left at the door of a church, and for a certain number of days he sucked a sow, none being willing to give him milk." Young Pizarro subsequently requited this porcine nourishment by taking care of his foster-mother's relatives. The chief occupation of his youth was that of a swineherd. Gomara's account of his birth, however, is only one of many, various and contradictory in their details. The fact is that very little is known of the early years of Francisco Pizarro. His valor and soldierly qualities he doubtless inherited from his father, a Spanish colonel of infantry, who served with distinction in Italy and Navarre. Neither from him nor from his mother, a person of low condition, did he receive much parental attention. Even the date of his birth is a matter of doubt, and has been differently stated by different chroniclers. He cannot, however, have been far from fifty when he started on his Peruvian expedition. During the fourteen previous years he had followed the fortunes of Ojeda, Balboa, and other Spanish American adventurers, until at last the opportunity offered for himself to assume a command to which he proved in every way competent. His rank was that of a captain, and the number of men under his orders made but a slender company, when, in the month of November, 1524, he left the port of Panama, on board a small vessel, indifferently provided, and of no great seaworthiness. About a hundred adventurers, (some accounts say eighty, others a hundred and twenty,) stalwart, stout-hearted fellows, for the most part of no very reputable description, composed the powerful army destined to invade a populous empire. They started under many disadvantages. Almagro, Pizarro's partner in the undertaking, who was to follow in another ship, as soon as it could be got ready, had had the victualing of that on which his colleague embarked, and he had performed the duty in a slovenly manner, reckoning that, upon a coasting voyage, supplies might be obtained from shore. Landing for this purpose, a few leagues south of the river Biru, Pizarro could procure nothing besides wood and water. A tremendous storm came on; for ten days the ship was in imminent danger, tossed by the furious waves; rations ran short, and two ears of Indian corn were each man's daily allowance. Thus poorly nourished, and in a crazy ship, they struggled with desperate energy against the fury of the tropical tempest. Only a miracle, as it seemed, could save them, and yet they escaped. The vessel bore Pizarro and his fortunes.

This first expedition, however, resulted in nothing, except much suffering and discontent. On landing, after the storm, the voyagers found themselves in a desolate and unproductive country, covered with tangled forests, untenanted even by beasts or birds. No living creatures were visible, except noxious insects—no food was obtainable, save herbs and berries, unpalatable, and often poisonous. The men desponded, and would fain have returned to Panama; but Pizarro, with much difficulty, appeased their murmurs, and sending back the ship to the Isle of Pearls for provisions, attempted to explore the country. On all sides stretched a

gloomy forest, matted with creepers, and penetrable only with axe in hand; habitations there were none; the bitter buds of the palm, and an occasional stranded shell-fish, were the best entertainment offered by that inhospitable region to the weary and disheartened wanderers, some of whom actually perished by famine. At last, after many weeks' misery, an Indian village was discovered. The Spaniards rushed upon it like starving wolves upon a sheep-fold, and got a small supply of food, chiefly maize and cocoa-nuts. Here, also, they received further tidings of the golden southern realm that had lured them on this luckless voyage. "Ten days' journey across the mountains," the Indians told Pizarro, "there dwelt a mighty monarch, whose dominions had been invaded by one still more powerful—the Child of the Sun." They referred to the kingdom of Quito, which the warlike inca, Huayna Capac, had added, some thirty years previously, to the empire of Peru.

Six long weeks of hunger and misery had elapsed, when the ship returned with good store of provisions. Revived by the seasonable supply, the adventurers were now as eager to prosecute their voyage as they shortly before had been to abandon it; and leaving Famine Port, the name given by Pizarro to the scene of their sufferings, they again sailed southwards. When next they landed, it was to plunder an Indian village of its provisions and gold. Here they found traces of cannibalism. "In the pots for the dinner, which stood upon the fire," says Herrera, in his *Historia General de las Indias*, "amongst the flesh which they took out, were feet and hands of men, whence they knew that those Indians were Caribs"—the Caribs being the only cannibals as yet known in that part of the New World. This discovery drove the horrified Spaniards to their ships, from which they again landed at Punto Quemado, the limit of this first expedition. The sturdy resistance they there met from some warlike savages, in a skirmish with whom they had two men killed and many wounded, (Pizarro himself receiving seven wounds,) made them reflect on the temerity of proceeding further with such a scanty force. Their ship, too, was in a crippled state, and in a council of war it was decided to return to Panama, and seek the countenance and assistance of the governor for the further prosecution of the enterprise.

Without attempting to follow Mr. Prescott through his detailed and interesting account of Pizarro's difficulties, struggles, and adventures, during the six years that intervened between his first departure from Panama and his commencement of the conquest of Peru, we will glance at the character and deeds of a few of his comrades. The principal of these was Diego de Almagro, a brave and honorable soldier, who placed a confidence in his leader which the sequel shows was scarcely merited. A foundling like Pizarro, like him he was uneducated, and unable to sign his name to the singular covenant by which the two, in concert with Father Luque, (the Spanish ecclesiastic, who found the funds for the expedition,) agreed, upon oath, and in the name of God and the Holy Evangelists, to divide amongst them in equal shares, all the lands, treasures, gold, silver, precious stones, and other property, that might accrue as the result of their enterprise. For in such terms "three obscure individuals coolly carved out, and partitioned amongst themselves, an empire of whose extent, power, and resources, of whose situation, of whose existence even, they had no sure and precise knowl-

edge." Contented at first with the post of second in command, it does not appear whether it was on his own solicitation that Almagro was named by the governor of Panama Pizarro's equal in the second expedition. This domination greatly mortified Pizarro, who suspected Almagro of having sought it, and did not neglect, when the opportunity offered, on his visit to the court of Charles the Fifth, to repay him in kind. As far as can be gathered from the mass of conflicting evidence, Almagro was frank in disposition and straightforward in his dealings, but hasty in temper, and of ungovernable passions. When he had despatched Pizarro on the first voyage, he lost the least possible time in following him, tracing his progress by the concerted signal of notches on the trees. In this manner he descended the coast to Punto Quemado, and in his turn had a fight with the natives, whose village he burned, and drove them into the woods. In this affair he lost an eye by a javelin wound. Passing Pizarro's vessel without observing it, he pushed on to the mouth of the river San Juan, whence he returned to Panama, having gone farther, suffered less, and collected more gold than his friend. At this time, however, great amity and mutual reliance existed between them; although not long afterwards we find them quarrelling fiercely, and only prevented by the interposition of their subordinates from settling their differences sabre in hand.

Bartholomew Ruiz, an Andalusian pilot, a native of that village of Moguer which supplied Columbus with many seamen for his first voyages, also played an important part in the earlier researches of the discoverers of Peru. Upon the second voyage, when the two ships had reached the river of San Juan, he was detached in one of them to explore the coast, and soon made the little island of Gallo, in two degrees of north latitude. The hostile demonstrations of the natives prevented his landing, and he continued his course southwards, along a coast crowded with spectators. "They stood gazing on the vessel of the white man, as it glided smoothly into the crystal waters of the bay, fancying it, says an old writer, some mysterious being descended from the skies." The account of Ruiz's voyage, although it occupied but a few weeks, and was comparatively devoid of adventure, has a romantic and peculiar charm. The first European who, sailing in that direction on the Pacific, crossed the equinoctial line, he was also the first who obtained ocular proof of Peruvian civilization. He fell in with a *balsa* or native raft, consisting of beams lashed together, floored with reeds, guided by a rude rudder, and rigged with a cotton square-sail. On board this primitive craft—still in use on the rivers and coasts of South America—were several Indians, whose dresses and ornaments, showing great ingenuity and progress in manufacturing art, excited his surprise and admiration. "Mirrors mounted in silver," says a Spanish narrator of Ruiz's cruise, "and cups, and other drinking vessels, blankets of cotton and wool, and shirts, and vests, and many other garments, embroidered for the most part with very rich embroideries of scarlet, and crimson, and blue, and yellow, and all other colors, in various designs and figures of birds and animals, and fishes and trees; and they had small scales, in the fashion of a steel-yard, for weighing gold; and many other things." Right musical to the ears of the Spaniards were the tales these Indians told of the abundance of the precious metals in the palaces of their king. Wood,

according to their report, was scarcely more plentiful than silver and gold. And they enlarged upon the subject, until their auditors hardly dared credit the flattering accounts which, as they were soon to find, little exceeded the truth. Detaining a few of the Indians, that they might repeat their tale to Pizarro, and serve as interpreters after they should have acquired the Spanish tongue, Ruiz prosecuted his voyage to about half a degree south of the line, and then returned to the place where his commander and comrades anxiously awaited him.

As pilot and navigator, old Ruiz rendered eminent services, and his courage and fidelity were equal to his nautical skill. In the former qualities another of Pizarro's little band, Pedro de Candia, a Greek cavalier, was no way his inferior, although his talents were rather of a military than a maritime cast. Soon after the return of Ruiz to the river San Juan, Almagro, who had been to Panama for a reinforcement, made his appearance with recruits and stores. The pilot's report inspired all with enthusiasm, and "Southward, ho!" was again the cry. They reached the shores of Quito, and anchored off the port of Tacamez. Before them lay a large and rich town, whose population glittered with gold and jewels. Instead of the dark swamps and impervious forests where they had left the bones of so many of their companions, the adventurers beheld groves of sandal and ebony extending to the very margin of the ocean; maize and potato fields, and cocoa plantations, gave promise of plenty; the streams washed down gold-dust, and on the banks of one were quarries of emeralds. This charming scene brought water into the mouths of the Spaniards; but their wishes were not yet to be fulfilled; with the cup at their lips, they were forbidden to taste. A numerous array of armed and resolute natives set them at defiance. And that they did so, speaks highly for their courage, when we consider the notion they entertained of the party of horsemen, who, with Pizarro at their head, effected a landing. Like the Mexicans and other races to whom the horse was unknown until introduced from Europe, they imagined man and beast to form one strange and unaccountable monster, and had, therefore, the same excuse for a panic that a European army would have if suddenly assailed by a regiment of flying dragons. Nevertheless, they boldly charged the intruders. These, feeling their own inability to cope with the army of warriors that lined the shore, and which numbered, according to some accounts, fully ten thousand men, had landed with the sole purpose of seeking an amicable conference. Instead of a peaceful parley, they found themselves forced into a very unequal fight. "It might have gone hard with the Spaniards, hotly pressed by their resolute enemy, but for a ludicrous incident reported by the historians as happening to one of the cavaliers. This was a fall from his horse, which so astonished the barbarians, who were not prepared for the division of what seemed one and the same being into two, that, filled with consternation, they fell back, and left a way open for the Christians to regain their vessels."

Doubting not that the account they could now give of the riches of Peru would bring crowds of volunteers to their standard, Almagro and some of his companions again sailed for Panama, to seek the succors so greatly needed; Pizarro consenting, after some angry discussion, to await their return upon the island of Gallo. The men who were to remain with him were highly discontented at their

commander's decision, and one of them secreted a letter in a bale of cotton, sent, as a sample of Peruvian produce, to the wife of the governor of Panama. In this letter were complaints of privations and misery, and bitter attacks upon Pizarro and Almagro, whom the disaffected soldiers represented as sacrificing their comrades' lives to their own ambition. The paper reached its destination; the governor was indignant and sent ships to fetch away the whole party. But Pizarro, encouraged by letters from his two partners, who promised him the means of continuing his voyage, steadily refused to budge. With his sword he drew a line upon the sand from east to west, exposed, with a soldier's frugality of words, the glory and prosperity that awaited them in Peru, and the disgrace of abandoning the enterprise, and then, stepping across the line, bade brave men stay by him and recreants retreat. Thirteen were stanch to their courageous leader. The first to range himself by his side was the pilot Ruiz; the second was Pedro de Candia. The names of the eleven others have also been preserved by the chroniclers.

"A handful of men, without food, without clothing, almost without arms, without knowledge of the land to which they were bound, without vessels to transport them, were here left upon a lonely rock in the ocean, with the avowed purpose of carrying on a crusade against a powerful empire, staking their lives on its success. What is there in the legends of chivalry that surpasses it! This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate. * * * Had Pizarro faltered from his strong purpose, and yielded to the occasion now so temptingly presented for extricating himself and his broken band from their desperate position, his name would have been buried with his fortunes, and the conquest of Peru would have been left for other and more successful adventurers."

Courage and constancy had their reward. True to their word, Laque and Almagro sent a small vessel to take off Pizarro and his little band. They embarked, set sail, and after twenty days were in the Gulf of Guayaquil, abreast of Chimborazo, and in full view of the fertile vale of Tumbez. There an inca noble came on board, and was received by Pizarro with all honor and distinction. In reply to his inquiries concerning the whence and wherefore of the white men's coming, the Spanish leader replied, "that he was the vassal of a great prince, the greatest and most powerful in the world, and that he had come to this country to assert his master's lawful supremacy over it." He further announced his intention of rescuing them from the darkness of unbelief, and converting them to Christianity. In reply to these communications the inca chief said nothing—all, perhaps, that he understood. He was much more favorably impressed by a good dinner, Spanish wine, and the present of an iron hatchet. The next day one of Pizarro's followers, Alonso de Molina by name, was sent on shore with a propitiatory offering of pigs and poultry for the *curaca* or governor of the district. He brought back such marvellous accounts that he was set down as a liar; and Pedro de Candia was selected to bring a true report of things on shore, whither he was sent, "dressed in complete mail as became a good knight, with his sword by his side, and his arquebuse on his shoulder." His brilliant equipment greatly dazzled the Indians, and at the report of his arquebuse they fell to the ground in dismay. A wondrous story is gravely told by several chroniclers, how the Indians, taking him for a

supernatural being, and desirous to ascertain the fact beyond a doubt, let loose a tiger upon him. Candia took a cross from his neck and laid it upon the back of the animal, which instantly fawned upon and gambolled round him. On returning to his ship the report of the Greek cavalier confirmed that of Molina. Both, as it subsequently appeared, were guilty of some exaggeration. But their flaming accounts of temples tapestried with plates of gold, and of convent gardens where fruits and vegetables were all in pure gold and silver, gave heart to the adventurers, and sent them on their way rejoicing. To the port of Santa, nine degrees further south than any previous expedition had reached, they continued their voyage; and then, having fully convinced themselves of the richness of the country, and the importance of their discoveries, but being too few and feeble to profit by them, they retraced their course to Panama, and arrived there, after an absence of eighteen months, early in the year 1528.

It was now that Pizarro, finding the governor of Panama unwilling to assist him either with men or money, set out for Europe, to lay the report of his discoveries before the emperor, and implore his support and patronage. He had little taste for the mission. The unlettered soldier, the war-worn and weather-beaten adventurer, was at home on the deck of a tempest-tost caravel, or in the depths of a howling wilderness, where courage, coolness, and fortitude were the qualities needed; and there he would rather risk himself than in the perfumed atmosphere of a court. His associates, however, urged him to depart. Father Laque's clerical duties prevented him from undertaking the journey; neither by manners nor appearance was Almagro eligible as an envoy; Pizarro, although wholly uneducated, was of commanding presence, and ready, even eloquent, in speech. With honorable frankness and confidence in his friend's integrity, Almagro urged him to set out. It was agreed that Pizarro should solicit for himself the offices of governor and captain-general of the newly discovered country, for Almagro that of *adelantado*; that the pilot Ruiz should be *alguacil mayor*, and Father Laque Bishop of Tumbez. Promising to act in conformity with this agreement, and in all respects to consult his friends' interest equally with his own, Pizarro, accompanied by Pedro de Candia, and taking with him some Peruvians and llamas, specimens of cloth and ornaments of gold and silver, traversed the isthmus, and embarked for Spain.

The discoverer and future conqueror of Peru had scarcely set foot upon his native soil, when he was thrown into prison for a debt of twenty years' standing, incurred by him as one of the early colonists of Darien. Released from duress, so soon as intelligence of his detention reached the court, he hurried to Toledo, where Charles the Fifth then was. The records of courts afford no scene more pregnant with interest than the arrival of Pizarro in the presence of his sovereign. It is the very romance of history—a noble subject for either poet or painter. The great monarch was then in the zenith of his glory and full flush of his fame. Pavia had been won; the chivalrous king of France made prisoner. Charles, the hero of his day, was about to enter Italy and receive an imperial crown from a pontiff's hand. Engrossed by his own triumphs and by the spread of his European power and dominions, the fortunate monarch had scarcely given a thought to the rich conquests made in his name by obscure adventurers in the golden regions of the

west. The arrival of Hernan Cortés, come to lay an empire at his feet, had scarcely roused him from his indifference, when, in that brilliant and martial court, crowded with nobles and grandees, there appeared an unknown soldier, penniless, almost friendless, the child of shame, but whose daring deeds and great achievements were soon to give his name a lustre far above any that gentle birth and lengthy pedigree can bestow. Wholly unknown, however, Pizarro was not. The tale of researches, prosecuted, during a period of four years and in the teeth of innumerable difficulties and dangers, with a perseverance which rumor said had been rewarded by great discoveries, had reached the ears of Charles. Pizarro met a gracious reception and patient hearing. Unabashed before royalty, he spoke with the gravity of a Castilian, and the dignity of a man conscious of his own worth. And he spoke well—"so well," says Montesinos in his annals, "that he secured attention and applause at Toledo, where the emperor was, who gave him audience with much pleasure, treated him lovingly, and heard him tenderly, especially when he related his constancy and that of his thirteen companions upon the island, in the midst of so many troubles and hardships." It is said that Charles shed tears at the recital of such great sufferings so nobly supported. Compelled to leave Spain, he recommended Pizarro to the council of the Indies; and after some delay, the famous *Capitulacion* or agreement was drawn up and signed by the queen. By this document Pizarro received right of conquest and discovery in Peru as far as two hundred leagues south of Santiago, was made governor, captain-general, adelantado and alguacil mayor for life, with a salary of seven hundred and twenty-five thousand maravedis, and various immunities and privileges. Almagro was appointed commander of the fortress of Tumbez; Father Luque got his bishopric; Ruiz was named grand pilot of the Southern Ocean; Candia received command of the artillery; and on the eleven others who had remained on the island with Pizarro, the rank of *hidalgo* was bestowed, besides the promise of municipal dignities in Peru, when it should be under the Spanish rule. From this statement, it is apparent that Pizarro either did not attempt, or failed in his endeavors, to procure for Almagro and Ruiz the offices he had promised to solicit for them, and which, on the contrary, were all heaped upon himself. This treachery, or want of success, was the cause of bad blood between him and Almagro. Pizarro's conduct in the affair has been variously represented by different writers. His kinsman, Pedro Pizarro, vindicates him from the charge of unfair dealing. "And Don Francisco Pizarro petitioned in accordance with what had been agreed with his companions; and in the council he was answered that the government could not possibly be divided between two persons, for that had been done in Santa Marta, and one of the two had killed the other." And Pedro, who is a bit of partisan, and has a natural leaning to his cousin and commander, further states, that Pizarro, in honorable fulfilment of his promise, pleaded urgently for Almagro, till he received a rebuff, and was told, that if he did not ask the *adelantamiento* for himself, it should be given to a stranger. Whereupon he applied for it, and it was granted him in addition to his other dignities. He was also made a knight of St. Jago; and in the armorial bearings which he inherited by the father's side, were introduced the black eagle and the two pillars emblazoned on the royal arms. A ship, a llama, and an Indian city were further

added; "while the legend announced that under the auspices of Charles, and by the industry, the genius, and the resources of Pizarro, Peru had been discovered and reduced to tranquillity." A premature announcement, which many subsequent scenes of bloodshed and violence sadly belied. As regards the good faith kept by Pizarro with Almagro and his other companions, and the degree of sincerity and perseverance with which he pressed their claims at the court of Spain, Mr. Prescott is justly sceptical; and much of the conqueror's after-conduct compels us to believe that in such solicitations it was one word for his friend and two for himself. It is less interesting, however, to trace his dissimulation and double-dealing, and the dissensions resulting from them, than to accompany him upon his final expedition to the empire of the Incas.

Although, by the articles of the *capitulacion*, Pizarro was bound to raise, within six months of its date, a well-equipped force of two hundred and fifty men, it was with less than three-fourths of that number that he sailed from Panama in January, 1531. Careful to secure an ample share of the profits of the enterprise, the Spanish government did nothing to assist it, beyond providing some artillery, and a few military stores. Pizarro must find the funds and the men, and this was no easy matter. To obtain the latter, he repaired to his native town of Truxillo in Estremadura, where he recruited a few followers. Amongst them were four of his brothers—three illegitimate like himself, and one legitimate, Hernando Pizarro, a man of talent and energy, but of turbulent and overbearing disposition, who cut an important figure in the Peruvian campaigns. "They were all poor, and proud as they were poor," says Oviedo, who had seen them, "and their eagerness for gain was in proportion to their poverty." Consequently the New World was the very place for them. Many, however, who listened eagerly to Pizarro's account of the wealth to be obtained there, hesitated to seek it through the avenue of perils by which it was to be reached. As to money, those who had it were loth to invest on such frail security as Peruvian mines; thus proving themselves wiser in their generation than many in more recent times. Cortés, it is said, assisted Pizarro to the necessary funds, which he would hardly have raised without the aid of the Mexican conqueror; and the stipulated six months having expired, the newly-made governor of Peru cut his cables, and in all haste left the shores of Spain, fearing that if the incompleteness of his preparations got wind, the Spanish crown might recede from its share of the contract. At Panama, recruits were as reluctant and scarce as in Spain; and at last, impatient of delay, he started on his expedition with only one hundred and eighty men and twenty-seven horses. Their equipment, however, was good; they were well supplied with arms and ammunition, and, above all, sanguine of success. Before their departure, their banners and the royal standard were blessed by a Dominican monk, and the soldiers took the sacrament.

Anchoring after thirteen days' sail in the Bay of St. Matthew, Pizarro landed his men and marched along the coast. He at first intended not to disembark till he reached Tumbez, of whose riches and fertility he entertained a pleasant recollection; but, baffled by winds, he altered his determination. He had, perhaps, better have adhered to it. True, that the emeralds and gold found at Coaque encouraged his followers, and enabled the politic adventurer to make a large remittance to Panama, to dazzle the

colonists and induce volunteers. But the sufferings of the Spaniards, on their march through those sultry and unhealthy regions, were very great. Encumbered with heavy armor and thick cotton doublets, they toiled wearily along beneath a burning sun and over sands scarce less scorching. Fortunately, they were unmolested by the natives, who fled on their approach. They had enough to do to combat disease and the climate. "A strange epidemic broke out in the little army; it took the form of ulcers, or rather of hideous warts of great size, which covered the body, and when lanced, as was the case with some, discharged such a quantity of blood as proved fatal to the sufferer." Mr. Prescott recognizes in this horrible malady—which he says made its appearance during the invasion, and did not long survive it—"one of those plagues from the vial of wrath, which the destroying angel who follows in the path of the conqueror pours out on the devoted nations." Conquerors and conquered, however, suffered from it alike; and as to its having speedily become extinct, we suspect that it is still well known in Peru. The *verrugas*, described by Dr. Tshudi in his valuable and delightful narrative of Peruvian travel, and which the natives attribute to the noxious qualities of certain streams, is coincident in its symptoms with the disease that afflicted Pizarro's followers, diminishing their numbers and impeding their progress. The arrival of one or two small reinforcements filled up the vacancies thus made in their ranks, and the march was continued until the adventurers found themselves opposite the island of Puná, upon which Pizarro resolved to pitch his camp, and there plan his attack upon the neighboring city of Tumbes. Between the Tumbese and the men of Puná there was a long-standing feud, and the former lost no opportunity of exciting Pizarro's suspicions of the islanders. Having been informed that ten or twelve chiefs were plotting against him, he seized and delivered them to their rivals, who forthwith cut off their heads. A battle was the immediate consequence; and the handful of Spaniards defeated several thousand Puná warriors, mowing them down with musketry and sabre. As was by no means unusual in those days, the Christians received encouragement from heaven. "In the battle," says Montesinos with laudable gravity, "many, both of our people and of the Indians, saw that in the air there were two other camps—one led on by the archangel St. Michael with sword and buckler, the other by Lucifer and his myrmidons; but no sooner did the Castilians cry victory, than the demons fled, and from out of a mighty whirlwind terrible voices were heard to exclaim—'Thou hast conquered! Michael, thou hast conquered!' Hence Don Francisco Pizarro was inspired with so great a devotion to the holy archangel that he vowed to call by his name the first city he should found, fulfilling the same, as we shall presently see." These angelic interventions were common enough both in the Moorish and American wars of Spain, and have been commemorated by many artists, whose paintings, for the most part more curious in design than skilful in execution, are still to be occasionally met with in the Peninsula. Pizarro was twice favored with such celestial succors; the second time at the fight, or rather massacre, of Caxamalea, when certainly he required little aid against the panic-stricken hordes, who fell, like grass before the mower's scythe, under the fierce sabre-cuts of the martial Spaniards. Nevertheless, "a terrible apparition appeared in the air during the onslaught. It consisted of a woman and

a child, and at their side a horseman, all clothed in white, on a milk-white charger—doubtless the valiant St. James—who, with his sword glancing lightning, smote down the infidel host, and rendered them incapable of resistance." Thus gravely and reverently deposed the worthy Fray Naharro, who had his information from three monks of his order present in the fight.

The arrival of Pizarro and his band upon the coast of Peru, occurred at a moment most favorable to their projects of appropriation. The country had just emerged from a sanguinary civil war, in which many of its best warriors had perished; the throne of the incas was occupied by a usurper, who, to cement his power, had shed the blood of hundreds of the royal family, his own brethren and relatives. These events had been thus brought about:—The warlike inca and conqueror of Quito, Huayna Capac, forgot on his death-bed, the sagacity that had marked his reign; and, in direct contravention of the fundamental laws of the empire, divided his dominions between Huascar, his legitimate heir, and Atahualpa, a pet son whom he had had by one of his numerous concubines. The old inca died, and, for five years, his two successors reigned without quarrel, over their respective territories. Then dissensions arose between them; war broke out; and in two great fights, one at the foot of Chimborazo, the other on the plains of Cuzco, Atahualpa's troops, veterans grown gray under his father's banner, were completely victorious. Huascar was taken prisoner and shut up in the fortress of Xauxa; his rival assumed the *borla* or scarlet diadem of the incas, and, using his victory with little moderation, if Garcilasso de la Vega and subsequent Spanish writers are to be believed, butchered, with circumstances of great cruelty, all of the inca blood upon whom he could lay hands. Mr. Prescott, however, doubts the veracity of Garcilasso, the son of a niece of Huayna Capac and of a Spanish cavalier, who arrived in Peru soon after its conquest, in the suite of Pedro de Alvarado. His origin, and familiarity with the Peruvian tongue, should ensure the correctness of his statements; whilst his relationship, by the father's side, with a family illustrious in letters as in arms, seems to guarantee his literary capacity. But Garcilasso was sadly given to romancing; and his pages exhibit, amidst much that is really valuable, great exaggeration and credulity. If we could implicitly credit his statements of Atahualpa's atrocities, our sympathy with the inca, betrayed, dethroned, and finally murdered, by the Spaniards, would be materially lessened. The triumph of the usurper occurred only a few months previous to the invasion of Peru by Pizarro, in the spring of 1532.

After the battle of Puná the Spaniards were greatly annoyed by the enemy, who kept up a desultory and harassing warfare, and they welcomed with joy the arrival of a strong reinforcement under Hernando de Soto, the future discoverer of the Mississippi. With a hundred fresh men and a supply of horses for the cavalry, Pizarro did not hesitate to cross to the main-land. The inhabitants, although previously on the most friendly terms with the Spaniards, opposed their landing, but with no great energy; and a charge of horse drove them to the woods. At Tumbes, however, a grievous disappointment awaited the invaders. With the exception of a half-a-dozen of the principal buildings, the city was razed to the ground; and of the rich spoils the Spaniards had reckoned upon, not a trace was left. The adventurers were greatly discouraged by this discovery. "The gold of Peru seemed

only like a deceitful phantom, which, after beckoning them on through toil and danger, vanished the moment they attempted to grasp it." They lost heart in this search after an intangible treasure; and Pizarro, fearing disaffection as a consequence of inaction, hurried them into the interior of the country. At thirty leagues from Tumbes, he founded, in conformity with his vow, the city of San Miguel; and, after waiting several weeks for further reinforcements, and receiving none, he left fifty men for the protection of the new settlement, and marched with the remainder in search of the inca, proclaiming everywhere, as he proceeded, the religion of Christ, the supremacy of the pope, and the sovereignty of Charles the Fifth.

And here, as much, perhaps, as at any period of his career, we are struck by the genius and activity of Pizarro, and by his wonderful ascendancy over a band of restless desperadoes. Within five months after landing at Tumbes, he had made an extensive tour of observation, established a friendly understanding with the Indians, parcelled out lands, cut timber, and quarried stone; founded a city, and organized a municipal government. A church and a fortress—always the two first edifices in a Spanish-American town—a storehouse and a court of justice, strongly, if not elegantly built, had already arisen. Strict discipline was maintained amongst the Spaniards, who were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to molest or ill-treat the natives; and, most astonishing of all, Pizarro succeeded in persuading his rapacious followers to relinquish their shares in the gold and silver already collected, which was sent, after a fifth had been deducted for the crown, to pay off the ship-owners and those who had supplied stores for the expedition. After the settlement of these preliminaries, he struck boldly into the heart of the land. His army (the name is a mockery, applied to such a force) consisted of sixty-seven cavalry and one hundred and ten infantry, amongst whom were only three arquebusiers and twenty crossbowmen. With this paltry troop he dared to advance against the powerful army which he had ascertained was encamped under command of Atahualpa, within twelve days' journey of San Miguel. We read of subsequent events and scarcely wonder at a mob of timid Peruvians being dispersed by a handful of resolute men, mail-clad, well disciplined, and inured to war, but in numbers as one to a hundred of those opposed to them. Pizarro, however, had no assurance of the slight resistance he should meet; he could know but imperfectly the resources of the inca; he was wholly ignorant of the natural obstacles the country might oppose to his progress, and of the ambuscades that might beset his path. His dauntless spirit paused not for such considerations. And, scanty as his numbers were, he did not fear to risk their diminution, by a proposal resembling that of Harry the Fifth to his troops. Those who had no heart for the expedition, he announced to his little band, on the fifth day after their departure from San Miguel, were at full liberty to return to the city. The garrison was weak, he would gladly see it reinforced, and any who chose to rejoin it should have allotted to them the same share of land and number of Indian vassals as those Spaniards who had remained in the settlement.

"He which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart: his passport shall be made,
And crowns, for convoy, put into his purse."

Precisely similar to the proclamation of the hero

of Agincourt was that of the conqueror of Peru. He preferred weakening his force, already far too feeble, to retaining the discontented and pusillanimous. The contagion of bad example had more terrors for him than the hosts of Atahualpa. And he "would not die in that man's company who feared his fellowship to die with him." Only nine of his one hundred and seventy-seven followers availed themselves of the permission, thus boldly accorded them, to retrace their steps. With the residue Pizarro resumed his march.

As the Spaniards advanced, their difficulties and uncertainties increased. Rivers impeded their progress, and they had to construct bridges and rafts. They passed through well-built towns, where they saw large magazines of military stores and rations, and along handsome paved roads, shaded by avenues of trees, and watered by artificial streamlets. The further they penetrated into the country, the more convinced they were of its resources and civilization, far beyond anything they had anticipated, and the more sensible they became of the great temerity of their enterprise. When they strove to learn the inca's intentions and whereabouts, the contradictory information they obtained added to their perplexity. The inca, it was said, was at the head of fifty thousand men, tranquilly awaiting the appearance of the eight score intruders who thus madly ran into the lion's jaws. This was discouraging enough. And when the Spaniards reached the foot of the stupendous Andes, which intervened between them and Caxamalca, and were to be crossed by means of paths and passes of the most dangerous description, easily defensible by tens against thousands, their hearts failed them, and many were of opinion to abandon the original plan and take the road to Cuzco, which wound along the foot of the mountains, broad, shady, and pleasant. Pizarro was deaf to this proposal. His eloquence and firmness prevailed, and the Andes were crossed, with much toil, but without molestation from the Peruvians.

It is difficult to understand the inca's motives in thus neglecting the many opportunities afforded him of annihilating the Spaniards. His whole conduct at this time is mysterious and unaccountable, greatly at variance with the energy and sagacity of which he had given proof in his administration of the empire, and wars against Huascar. Nothing was easier than to crush the encroaching foreigners in the defiles of the Cordilleras, instead of allowing them to descend safely into the plain, where their cavalry and discipline gave them great advantages. Perhaps it never occurred to Atahualpa that so trifling a force could contend under any circumstances, with a chance of success, against his numerous army. In their intestine wars, the Peruvians fought with much resolution. In the battle of Quipayan, which placed the crown of Peru on Atahualpa's head, the fight raged from dawn till sunset, and the slaughter was prodigious, both parties exhibiting great courage and obstinacy. And subsequently, in engagements with the Spaniards, proofs of Peruvian valor were not wanting. After the death of Atahualpa, on the march to Cuzco, more than one fierce fight occurred between Spanish cavalry and Peruvian warriors, in which the former had not always the advantage. When Cuzco was burned, and siege laid to its fortresses, one of these was valiantly defended by an inca noble, whose single arm struck the assailants from the ramparts as fast as they attained their summit. And when, several ladders having been planted at

once, the Spaniards swarmed up on all points, and overpowered the last of his followers, the heroic savage still would not yield. "Finding further resistance ineffectual, he sprang to the edge of the battlements, and, casting away his war-club, wrapped his mantle around him and threw himself headlong from the summit." Relying on the bravery of his troops, and considering that the Spaniards, although compact in array, and formidable by their horses and weapons, were in numbers most insignificant, it is probable the inca felt sure of catching and caging them whenever he chose, and was therefore in no hurry to do it, but, like a cat with a mouse, chose to play with before devouring them. This agrees, too, with the account given in an imperfect manuscript, the work of one of the old conquerors, quoted by Mr. Prescott. "Holding us for very little, and not reckoning that a hundred and ninety men could offend him, he allowed us to pass through that defile, and through many others equally bad, because really, as we afterwards knew and ascertained, his intention was to see us, and question us as to whence we came, and who had sent us, and what we wanted . . . and afterwards to take our horses and the things that most pleased him, and to sacrifice the remainder." These calculations were more than neutralized by the decision and craft of the white man. Established in Caxamalca, whose ten thousand inhabitants had deserted the town on his approach, Pizarro beheld before him "a white cloud of pavilions, covering the ground as thick as snow-flakes, for the space apparently of several miles." In front of the tents were fixed the warriors' lances; and at night innumerable watch-fires, making the mountain-slope resemble, says an eyewitness, "a very starry heaven," struck doubt and dismay into the hearts of that little Christian band. "All," says one of the conquistadores, "remaining with much fear, because we were so few, and had entered so far into the land, where we could not receive succors." All, save one, the presiding genius of the venture, who showed himself equal to the emergency, and nobly justified his followers' confidence. Pizarro saw that retreat was impossible, inaction ruinous, and he resolved to set all upon a cast by executing a project of unparalleled boldness. The inca, who very soon assumed a dictatorial tone, had ordered the Spaniards to occupy the buildings on the chief square at Caxamalca, and no others, and had also signified his intention of visiting the strangers so soon as a fast he was keeping should be at an end. The square, or rather triangle, was of great extent, and consisted of a stone fortress, and of large, low, wide-doored halls, that seemed intended for barracks. Upon this square Pizarro prepared to receive his royal visitor.

On the appointed day, Atahualpa made his appearance, at the head of his numerous army, variously estimated by Pizarro's secretary and others there present, at from thirty to fifty thousand men. These halted at a short distance from the town; the inca began to pitch his tents, and sent word to Pizarro that he had postponed his visit to the following morning. The Spanish leader deprecated this change of plan, and said that he fully expected Atahualpa to sup with him; whereupon the inca, either from good nature, or lured by the prospect of a feast, entered the town with a comparatively small retinue. "He brought with him," says Hernando Pizarro, in a manuscript letter, "five or six thousand Indians, unarmed, save with small clubs, and slings, and bags of stones." In fact, it

appears from all accounts that very few of them had any arms at all. Upon a throne of gold, borne on an open litter, by Peruvian nobles in a rich azure livery, the inca came, and paused in the square. Not a Spaniard was to be seen, save Fray Vicente de Valverde, Pizarro's chaplain, who, by means of an interpreter, addressed the royal visitor in a homely which, to judge from the multiplicity of subjects it embraced, can have been of no trifling length. Beginning with the creation of the world, he expounded the doctrines of Christianity, talked of St. Peter and the pope, and finally, with singular coolness, requested his astonished hearer to change his religion, and become a tributary of the emperor. Naturally offended at such presumptuous propositions, Atahualpa answered with some heat, and threw down a Bible or breviary which he had taken from the friar's hand. The friar hurried to Pizarro. "Do you not see," he said, "that whilst we waste our breath talking to this dog, the fields are filling with Indians! Set on at once! I absolve you." Slay! slay! mass or massacre. The old cry of the Romish priest, covetous of converts. The sword in one hand, the crucifix in the other; abjuration of heresy, or the blood of heretics. In Smithfield and the Cevennes, on the dread eve of St. Bartholomew, and amidst the gentle sun-worshippers of Peru—such has ever been the maxim of the ministers of a religion of mercy. In this instance the appeal to violence was not unheard. Pizarro waved a scarf, a signal gun was fired from the fort, the barrack doors flew open, and, armed to the teeth, the Spaniards sprang into the plaza, shouting the fierce slogan before which, in Granada's sunny *vega*, the Moslem had so often quailed. "*Santiago y à ellos!*" St. James and at them! was the cry, as the steel-clad cavalry spurred into the crowd, carving, with trenchant blade, paths through the confused and terrified Indians; whilst musketry flashed, and two falconets, placed in the fort, vomited death upon the mob. The exit from the plaza was soon choked with corpses, and the living, debarred escape by the bodies of the dead, could not stand and be slaughtered. The square was soon converted into a shambles.

"Even as they fell, in files they lay,"

slain in cold blood, and innocent of offence. At last "such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza!" And the country was covered with fugitives, flying before the terrible sweep of the Spanish sabre.

"The marquis," says Pedro Pizarro, "called out, saying, 'Let none wound the inca, under pain of his life!'" Atahualpa was to be made prisoner, not killed. Around him a faithful few, his nobles and court, fought desperately to protect their sovereign. Unarmed, they grappled with the Spaniards, clung to their horses, and tried to drag them from their saddles. The struggle was of some duration, and night approached when, several of the palanquin-bearers having been slain, the litter was overturned, and the inca fell into the arms of Pizarro and his comrades. He was carefully secured in an adjacent building, the news of his capture quickly spread, and the whole Indian army disbanded and fled, panic-struck at the loss of their sovereign. The number that fell that day is very variously stated. "They killed them all," says one authority, a nephew of Atahualpa, on whose testimony

Mr. Prescott inclines to place reliance, "with horses, with swords, with arquebuses, as though they were sheep. None made resistance, and out of ten thousand not two hundred escaped." This is probably an exaggeration. Other accounts state the number of dead as far smaller, but there appears ground to believe that four or five thousand fell. The example was terrible, and well suited to strike the Peruvians with terror. But the extermination of the whole Indian army would have been of less importance than the single captive Pizarro had made, and whom, agreeably to his promise, he had to sup with him when the fight was done. Deprived of their sovereign, and viewing with a superstitious awe the audacious stranger who had dared to lay hands upon his sacred person, the Indians lost heart, and were no longer to be feared.

The capture of the inca, although so important and beneficial in its results, occasioned Pizarro some embarrassment. He was anxious to march upon the capital, but feared to risk himself on the roads and mountains with the inca in his keeping; and as he could not spare a sufficient guard to leave behind with him, he was compelled to wait patiently for reinforcements. Atahualpa, who did not want for penetration, but in the words of an old manuscript, "was very wise and discreet, a friend of knowledge, and subtle of understanding," soon found out that the Spaniards were at least as eager to accumulate gold as to disseminate their religion. He offered to buy his liberty, and a room full of gold was the prodigious ransom he proposed. The length of the apartment he engaged to fill is variously stated. The most moderate account makes it twenty-two feet. Hernando Pizarro says it was thirty-five. The width was seventeen feet, and the gold was to be piled up as high as the inca could reach, which was about nine feet from the ground. A smaller room was to be filled twice with silver. Pizarro having accepted, or allowed his prisoner to infer that he accepted, this very handsome price for his liberty, the captive sovereign took measures to collect the stipulated treasure. Palaces and temples were stripped of their ornaments, and from distant parts of Peru gold was sent to complete the inca's ransom. The agreement was that it should not be melted, but piled up in the room in whatever form it arrived, which gave Atahualpa some advantage. Goblets, salvers, vases, and curious imitations of plants and animals, were amongst the heterogeneous contributions that soon began to rise high upon the floor of the inca's prison. "Among the plants, the most beautiful was the Indian corn, in which the golden ear was sheathed in its broad leaves of silver, from which hung a rich tassel of threads of the same precious metal. A fountain was also much admired, which sent up a sparkling jet of gold, while birds and animals of the same metal played in the waters at the base." But the greedy conquerors grew impatient, and thought the gold came too slowly, although on some days a value of fifty or sixty thousand *castellanos* was added to the store. Rumors of a rising of the Peruvians were spread abroad, and Atahualpa was accused of conspiring against the Spaniards. These, and especially a strong reinforcement that had arrived under Almagro's orders, became clamorous for the inca's death. They had already divided all that had arrived of his ransom, equivalent to the enormous sum of three millions and a half sterling, besides fifty thousand marks of silver. At last the inca was brought to trial on the most absurd charges, "having reference to national usages, or

to his personal relations, over which the Spanish conquerors had no jurisdiction." Thus, he was accused of idolatry and adultery, and of *squandering the public revenues, since the conquest of the country by the Spaniards!* His death, in short, was decreed, and his butchers were not very nice about the pretext. It was found expedient to get rid of him; and under such circumstances a reason to condemn is as easily found as a rope to hang. Some few honest and humane men there were in the court, who rejected the false evidence brought before them, and denied the authority of the tribunal. But their objections were overruled, and they had to content themselves with entering a protest against proceedings which they justly held to be arbitrary and illegal. Father Valverde was not one of those who leaned to mercy's side. A copy of the sentence, condemning Atahualpa to be burned alive, was submitted to him for his signature, which he gave with alacrity, convinced, he said, that the inca deserved death. Why, it is hard to say, at least at the hands of the Spaniards. But the whole of the circumstances connected with his mock trial and subsequent execution are a disgrace to the conquerors of Peru, an eternal blot upon the memory of Francisco Pizarro. To avoid the flames, Atahualpa embraced Christianity, and was executed by strangulation, after being duly baptized and shriven by the clerical scoundrel Valverde. Previously he had begged hard for his life, offering twice the ransom he had already paid, and guarantees for the safety of the Spaniards. "What have I done, or my children," said the unfortunate monarch, "that I should meet such a fate? And from your hands, too," added he to Pizarro—"you, who have met friendship and kindness from my people, with whom I have shared my treasures, who have received nothing but benefits from my hands." Adding hypocrisy to cruelty, Pizarro affected emotion. In its sincerity we cannot believe, or that he could not, had he chosen, have saved Atahualpa. "I, myself," says Pedro Pizarro, ever his cousin's eulogist and advocate, "saw the marquis weep." We believe Pedro lies, or was mistaken, or that the tears were of the sort called crocodile's. We have no faith in the tenderness of the stern and iron-hearted conqueror of Peru.

Although the inca's ransom had not been made up to the full amount promised, Pizarro had acquitted his prisoner, some time previously to his death, of any further obligation on that score. With respect to this ransom, Dr. Tschudi gives some interesting particulars, doubtless true in the main, although exaggerated in the details. "The gold which the inca got together in Caxamarca and the neighborhood, was hardly sufficient to fill half the room. He therefore sent messengers to Cuzco, to complete the amount out of the royal treasury; and it is said that eleven thousand llamas, each bearing a hundredweight of gold, really started thence for Caxamarca. But before they arrived, Atahualpa was hung. The terrible news ran like a lighted train through the whole country, and reached the Indians who were driving the heavily laden llamas over the uplands of central Peru. Panic-stricken, they buried their treasures upon the very spot where the mournful message was delivered to them, and dispersed in all directions." Eleven thousand hundredweight of gold! If this were true, the cruelty of the Spaniards to their prisoner brought its own punishment. The buried treasure, whatever its amount, has never been recovered, although numerous researches have been made. Either the

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secret has perished with its possessors, or those Peruvians to whom it has been handed down, persist, with the sullen and impenetrable reserve that forms a distinguishing trait in their character, in preventing their white oppressors from reaping the benefit of it.

With the death of Atahualpa, the principal danger incurred by the Spaniards in Peru—that, namely, of a combined and simultaneous uprising of the nation—may be said to have terminated. Subsequently, it is true, under the Inca Manco, a terrible insurrection occurred: an Indian army, the boldest, best equipped, and in all respects the most formidable that the Spaniards had seen, boldly assailed them, burned Cuzco, and beleaguered them in the citadel. At one time Pizarro felt the greatest uneasiness as to the possible result of this last effort for Peruvian independence. Seven hundred Christians fell in the course of the struggle. But there were still sufficient left to reduce the insurgents, and inflict a terrible chastisement. Lima had been built, and fortified posts established. And serious as this uprising was, there hardly seems to have been a probability of the extermination of the Spaniards in Peru, or of their expulsion from the country, at any period subsequent to Atahualpa's execution. The throne vacant, the rights of succession uncertain, the ancient institutions of the country fell to pieces, and anarchy ensued. Peruvian generals gathered their armies around them, seized upon provinces, declared themselves independent, and were beaten in detail. Difficulties and hardships were still in store for the conquerors; privations, and painful marches, and sharp encounters; but they were strengthened by reinforcements, cheered by success, and urged on by their thirst of gold, which was irritated rather than assuaged by the rich booty they had made. After crowning with his own hands a brother of Atahualpa, selected in preference to Manco, the legitimate heir to the throne, as more likely to be a docile instrument in his hands, Pizarro marched upon Cuzco, the much talked-of metropolis of Peru, with a force that now amounted to nearly five hundred men, one third of them cavalry. After a sharp skirmish or two, in which the Peruvians displayed much spirit and bravery, the conquerors entered the capital. They were disappointed in the amount of booty found there. Their expectations must have been outrageous, for the spoil was very large. The great temple was studded with gold plates; its gardens glittered with ornaments of the same precious metal. In a cavern near the city they found a number of pure gold vases, and ten or twelve statues of women, as large as life, some of gold, others of silver. The stores of food, and of manufactures for clothing and ornament, were very numerous and considerable. And there were women's dresses composed entirely of gold beads; and "in one place they met with ten planks or bars of solid silver, each piece being twenty feet in length, one foot in breadth, and two or three inches thick." But the rapacious Europeans were not content, and some of the inhabitants were barbarously tortured to compel them to reveal their hidden stores of wealth. Gold lost its value, and the commonest necessities of life rose to exorbitant prices. A quire of paper was worth ten golden dollars, a bottle of wine fetched sixty. And the inherent Spanish vice of gambling was carried to a prodigious extent. Many of the conquerors thus lost the whole of their booty. One man had received in his share of spoil a golden image of the sun. "This rich prize the spendthrift lost in a

single night; whence it came to be a proverb in Spain, *Juega el Sol antes que amanezca*, 'Play away the sun before sunrise.'

With the capture of Cuzco, or very soon afterwards, the unity of Spanish conquest in Peru may be said to have ceased. Previously to that event, all were subordinate to Pizarro; none claimed independence of him; he kept his men together, and with his whole force—excepting the small garrison at St. Miguel—pushed forward into the heart of the land. It was by far the most romantic and adventurous period of Spanish operations in the empire of the Incas. But now other cavaliers of fortune, good soldiers, and men of experience in American warfare, turned their attention to Peru, eager to share its treasures and territory. Amongst these, the governor of Guatemala, Pedro de Alvarado, one of Cortés' officers, was conspicuous. Early in 1534, he landed in the Bay of Carques, at the head of five hundred men, "the best equipped and most formidable array that had yet appeared in the southern seas." They marched towards the rich province of Quito, which they believed to be still unexplored; but suffered frightfully on the road; and on emerging, with greatly diminished numbers, from the Puertos Nevados, a terrible mountain passage where many of the troopers were frozen in their saddles, they had the mortification to discover the hoof prints of Spanish chargers, proving that they had been forestalled. Benalcázar, governor of San Miguel, had entered the province with one hundred and forty men and some native auxiliaries. He had been met by the Indian general Ruminavi; but the son of the Moor was more than a match for the Peruvian, and after some well-contested fights, the standard of Castile waved over Quito's capital. Almagro, who had heard of Alvarado's landing, soon joined Benalcázar, and together they marched to oppose their intruding countrymen. At one time a battle seemed imminent, but matters were finally compromised, Alvarado receiving one hundred thousand *pesos de oro*, and reëmbarking his men.

Amongst the conquerors themselves, dissensions soon broke out. Charles the Fifth, to whom Hernando Pizarro had been sent to give an account of events in Peru, and to submit specimens of its riches and manufactures, had received the envoy most favorably. He confirmed his previous grants of land to Francisco Pizarro, extending them seventy leagues further south, and empowered Almagro to discover and occupy the country for two hundred leagues south of that. Disputes about boundaries, embittered by the rankling recollection of former feuds, soon occurred between Pizarro and Almagro; and though a temporary reconciliation was effected, a civil war at last broke out, where both parties fought nominally for the honor and profit of the Spanish king, and in reality for their own peculiar behoof and ambition. "*El Rey y Almagro!*" "*El Rey y Pizarro!*" were the battle-cries on the bloody field of Las Salinas, in the neighborhood of Cuzco, where, on the 26th April, 1538, Almagro fell into the hands of Hernando Pizarro, who, from their very first meeting, had bitterly disliked him. "Before the battle of Salinas, it had been told to Hernando Pizarro that Almagro was like to die. 'Heaven forbid,' he exclaimed, 'that this should come to pass before he falls into my hands!'" After such a speech, Almagro's fate scarce admitted of a doubt. He was brought to trial, on charges that covered two thousand folio pages. Found guilty, he was condemned to death, and perished

by the *garrote*. He was to have been executed on the public square of Cuzco, but public sympathy was so strongly enlisted on his side, that it was thought more prudent to make an end of him in his dungeon. The chief apparent movers of his death, Hernando and Gonzalo Pizarro, were amongst the principal mourners at his funeral—thus aping the hypocrisy of their brother Francisco, who had paid similar honors to his victim Atahualpa. The marquis himself was on his way to Cuzco during Almagro's trial, of which he was cognizant. He lingered on the road, and upon reaching the river Abancay he learned his rival's death. The old farce was played over again. He shed tears, for whose sincerity none gave him credit. Speedily forgetting this mockery of woe, he entered Cuzco in triumph, richly dressed, and with clang of martial music. There can be little doubt of his having secretly instigated and entirely approved the execution of Almagro. The testimony of all the impartial historians of the time concurs in fixing its odium upon him.

But the crimes of this great conqueror and bad man were destined to meet punishment. By the sword he had risen—by the sword he was to perish; not on some well-fought battle-field, with shouts of victory ringing in his ear, but in his palace hall, by the assassin's blade. In his own fair capital of Lima, the City of the Kings, the gem of the Pacific, which had sprung up under his auspices with incredible rapidity—for Pizarro seemed to impart his vast energy to all about him—a score of conspirators, assembled at the house of Almagro's son, plotted his death. It was on a Sunday in June, 1541, at the hour of dinner, that they burst into his apartments, with cries of "Death to the tyrant!" A number of visitors were with him, but they were imperfectly armed, and deserted him, escaping by the windows. His half-brother, Martinez de Alcantara, two pages and as many cavaliers, were all who stood forward in defence of their chief. They soon fell, overpowered by numbers, and covered with wounds. But Pizarro was not the man meekly to meet his death. Alone, without armor, his cloak around one arm, his good sword in his right hand, the old hero kept his cowardly assailants at bay, with a vigor and intrepidity surprising at his advanced age. "What ho!" he cried, "traitors! have you come to kill me in my own house?" And as he spoke, two of his enemies fell beneath his blows. "Rada, (the chief of the conspirators,) impatient of the delay, called out, 'Why are we so long about it? Down with the tyrant!' and taking one of his companions, Narvaez, in his arms, he thrust him against the marquis. Pizarro, instantly grappling with his opponent, ran him through with his sword. But at that moment he received a wound in the throat, and reeling, he sank on the floor, while the swords of Rada and several of the conspirators were plunged into his body. 'Jesu!' exclaimed the dying man; and, tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a stroke, more friendly than the rest, put an end to his existence."

Great indeed have been the changes wrought by three centuries in the world beyond the Atlantic. The difference in the manner of foundation of the English and Spanish empires in America is not more striking than the contrast offered by their progress and present condition. The English, Dutch, and other northern nations, were content to obtain a footing in the new-found lands, without

attempting their conquest. Settled upon the coast, defending themselves, often with extreme difficulty, against the assaults of warlike and crafty tribes, they aimed not at the subjugation of empires, or, if visions of future dominion occasionally crossed the imagination of the more far-sighted, the means proposed were not those of armed aggression and sanguinary spoliation, but the comparatively slow and bloodless victories of civilization. Far otherwise was it with the warlike and ambitious Spaniard of the sixteenth century, when, with a mixture of crusading zeal and freebooting greed, he shaped his caravel's course for distant *El-Dorado*. Not with a log-house in the wilderness was he content; it suited not his lofty and chivalrous notions to clear land and plough it, and water the stubborn furrow with his forehead's sweat. For him the bright cuirass, the charging steed, the wild encounter with tawny hosts, reminding him of the day when, after eight hundred years' struggle, he chased the last Saracen from Iberia's shores. For him the glittering gold mine, the rich plantation, the cringing throng of Indian serfs. One day a cavalier of fortune, with horse and arms for sole possessions, the next he sat upon the throne whence he had hurled some far-descended prince, some inebriated demigod, or feather-crowned cacique. And at the period that a few scanty bands of expatriated malefactors, and of refugees for opinion's sake, flying from persecution to the wilderness, toiled out a scanty and laborious existence in the forests and prairies of North America, and alone represented the Anglo-Saxon race in the new world, Spain was in secure and undisturbed enjoyment of two vast and productive empires. To-day, how great the contrast! The unwieldy Spanish colonies have crumbled and fallen to pieces, the petty English settlements have grown into a flourishing and powerful nation. And we behold the descendants of the handful of exiles who first colonized "the wild New England shore" penetrating, almost unopposed, to the heart of the country that Montezuma ruled and Cortés was the first to conquer.

From Elihu Burritt's Christian Citizen.

THE BEAUTIES OF RESTRICTION.

THE English navigation laws are now undergoing a thorough sifting, and, from the evidence which has already transpired, they are almost sure to be condemned and abolished, as contravening all the laws of trade, of nature and Providence. The restrictive, or, as it is called in some countries, the *protective* policy, has received its death-blow in Great Britain. The axe is now impending over that branch of the system which has been sustained by the English navigation laws. Some remarkable developments of the working of this unnatural system are occasionally brought to light, in course of the investigation that is now going on. We cannot forbear giving to our readers one, full of illustration of the mischievous character of this curious commercial policy, which has so long prevailed in Christendom. Among others who have thrown in their evidence at the bar of public opinion, an English officer relates his experience; which runs substantially thus:

He had been engaged in the service in China, and being about to return home, he purchased a few specimens of tea and Chinese manufactures, for the use of his family in Europe, of the value of about \$250. These he had shipped to London; and, returning to England himself by the overland route,

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he arrived at that port about the same time with his packages from China. He immediately directed his London agent to have them passed through the English custom-house, and then despatched to Boulogne, in France, where his family were residing. After waiting two months for his packages, without hearing anything of their fate, he began to inquire after the cause of their delay, and then, for the first time, heard of the mysterious navigation laws. By the beautiful code existing in France, no goods of the produce or manufacture of any country in Asia, Africa, or America, were admissible into France *from England!* except for the purpose of being again exported. And now this officer, who had served in open-field wars, was inducted into the *modus operandi* of the noiseless but destructive civil wars of commerce, by which the trade of the world is placed under martial law. Simple-minded man! it took him long to comprehend the machinery of that under-ground belligerence which was laying its embargo on his packages of tea, &c. But, by dint of many patient explanations, he was made to understand the condition of things. France was at war with England, a defensive war, for England was the aggressor—a war of restrictions. And these French navigation laws, which prohibited the admission of his tea into France for consumption there, were merely acts of retaliation upon England for her restrictive policy, and did not apply to Belgium. So to Belgium his tea had been shipped, whence it might be admitted into France. After a long delay at Ostend, the packages were shipped to Havre, as there was no vessel ready to sail for Boulogne. He now heard that they were in Havre waiting orders, or rather waiting for a clearance at the French custom-house. Disappointed and vexed at the accumulating difficulties that beset their path, especially as by the ordinary channel of conveyance, they ought not to have occupied more than 12 hours in their transit from England to Boulogne, he determined to have no more trouble with them, and therefore—simple man!—he ordered them to be sent back to London. But he was not to escape from the restrictions of the navigation laws in this way. Every league of blue sea was covered with their subtle net-work, and in their meshes his tea and Chinese curiosities became more and more entangled. He would use his tea in England. There was a sentiment of triumph in that thought. He would outreach the French policy after all. He was soon to return with his family to London, and there he would be under the *protection* of British laws. "The flag, that, for a thousand years, had braved the battle and the breeze," would ensure the safe conveyance of his packages to that port. So thought this unversed Englishman, until he was aroused from his self-deception by the following letter from his agent in London:

"SIR:—It will not be easy to import your packages from Havre; the contents, being of the produce or manufacture of a country in Asia, Africa, or America, *cannot be imported into Great Britain, to be used therein, from any country in Europe.* We are inclined to recommend, as the *shortest route for bringing them from Havre to London*, that they should be shipped in the first instance for *New York*, whence they could be legally imported into England by a *British ship only.* It would be necessary to appoint an agent at New York to pay the United States duty, which would be returned to him again on the production of a consular certificate, accompanied by proper affidavits to identity, of the landing of the packages in this country. If the saving

of time is no object, perhaps the *cheapest and least troublesome* plan would be, to let the packages be sent again to *Asia*, for example, by a *French ship* from Havre to Calcutta, whence they might be returned by an *English ship* to London, and would be received with all the privileges which attended them when they arrived from China.

We are, sir, &c."

And this is the condition of commerce in the nineteenth century! And these are the laws of trade, fixed by the considerate legislation of grave and thoughtful statesmen! These packages of tea are now, probably, on their way from London to New York, as the *shortest route* from Havre to London, a distance that is overcome in 24 hours by steam! And, perhaps, the owner of the tea was in London when it arrived; and, for aught the world knows, went on board the ship that was to re-export it to New York. Perhaps he even touched the curious canister, and got an affectionate peep at his Chinese curiosities, just before they resumed their way to his door by *New York*. Perhaps he took his youngest boy with him, and one or two of his little daughters, on board the ship, just to see what he had bought for them in China. If he did this, it is more than probable that the children, after capering around the interesting tokens of parental affection in the ecstasy of delight and wonder, had begun to fill their arms or aprons with the little mandarins, and other ingenious knick-knacks of Chinese manufacture, when they were interrupted by the police-man of the custom-house, and informed that, although the presents were all very nice, they could not be taken from the ship, until they had made a voyage of six thousand miles; that, although they were now in one of the docks of the Thames, and in sight of St. Paul's, they were still six thousand miles from London. "But is not this London?" ask the children, looking at each other and at the man with surprise; "is not this London; and is not that father's house across the street, and this father's porter, who has come to carry the things home for us, and does not father offer to pay the captain all he asks for bringing them here in his ship? Why may we not take them now?" "Because it is contrary to the *Navigation Laws*," replies the official of the custom-house. E. B.

RELAXATION OF LAW.

EVERY attentive observer of human affairs has noticed that law is being very rapidly withdrawn from well instructed society. Once law was extended to all human conduct, and in the most severe forms. Religion, trade, literature, pecuniary contracts, everything, in fact, was regulated by law, sanctioned by bloody penalties. Every man was compelled to adopt the religion of the state, or lose reputation, property, and often life. Literature of every kind could make no movement but with the consent of censors—and if a man did not pay a debt, he was sold into slavery, and perhaps his wife and children also. For two or three centuries the mind of civilized nations has been occupied with questions of repeal, until now but a remnant of the old policy remains. Religious opinion has been freed from most of its shackles. Persecution is now chiefly confined to the ecclesiastical bodies, of which the state takes little or no cognizance, so that although the chief priests and elders everywhere are engaged in anathematizing any one who differs from them, yet, as it is not lawful for them to put any man to death, and they can appeal to no civil gov-

ernment to inflict pains and penalties for them, the rage dies away, and the *citizen* is safe, though the *Christian* may be excommunicated. Trade has been made free by the two principal commercial nations of the world. Both slavery and imprisonment are abolished as means of coercing the payment of debts—and literature, except in the countries where the Romish and Greek hierarchies still hold sway, is free. In our own happy country there is less law and more good order than anywhere else. Yet here there is still a great deal too much law, and the current of repeal is still wearing away one law after another, and carrying them down the stream. Many of the repeals are not seen, perhaps, to be parts of a general movement, but are intended to relieve the clamor of some particular class, and it is no uncommon thing for a class of persons to regard a law as oppressive, when its whole operation is in their favor. The laws which authorized the body of the debtor to be taken for debt, were probably made under the influence of creditors, and repealed under the influence of debtors; yet their only influence in the long run was, to enable the debtor to get a credit when otherwise he could not have obtained it. The law of this state which made rent a lien on the furniture of the tenant, was supposed to be favorable to landlords, and oppressive to tenants; whereas the real operation was, to enable the owner of a little furniture to pledge it for his rent. Now that the law is repealed, the furniture has lost its availability for that purpose, and the owner cannot, perhaps, obtain a place to live in. The usury laws which still remain, and are supposed to be so favorable to borrowers, have no other influence upon the price of money than to make it dearer, and often to prevent second-rate borrowers from being able to obtain it at all. One of the most common shapes which the repeal of laws for the collection of debts takes, is the exemption of certain amounts or kinds of property from liability for debts. A mechanic's tools are exempted; a certain quantity of furniture; or, as lately in Connecticut, a house and land within a certain value. In regard to persons whose whole property consists in articles exempted, there is therefore *no law* for the collection of debts. Though the repeals alluded to have been brought about under mistaken notions, we think they have improved the state of society. The credit which a man could once obtain upon the pledge of his body after everything else was gone, was generally used in the purchase of intoxicating drinks or other useless articles, and certainly the power of a man to mortgage the bodies of his wife and children could only exist where personal rights were unknown. It is better, generally, when a mechanic has nothing but his tools, or a farmer nothing but his house and garden, that he should cease to have a credit, and so be unable to contract debts. The time has come for such a man to live within his income. The shop-keepers have no reason to care about the shape of the law, for if they do not see reason for credit, they will keep their property. The various ways in which the laws for the collection of debts have been restricted in their operation, and the prospect of still increased legislation in the same way, may well make us think we see in prophetic distance, the time when all laws for the collection of debts will be repealed. Then the basis of credit will be property and character—chiefly the latter. Are not these the only true grounds of credit? Ought a man who has not enough of these, or

either of them, to obtain property on trust, to be able to get it except by paying on the spot? It is easy to see that the more benefits come along with good character, the more men will strive to possess it. So, as we substitute character for law as the basis of credit, the cultivation of character will be stimulated. On the whole, these constant repeals need not alarm property-holders, if only they will take care to keep up the public morality.—*Journal of Commerce.*

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—It is becoming more and more apparent every year, that the location of the seat of government is a bad one. The establishment of the Smithsonian Institute affords a new and strong illustration of this fact. A magnificent building is to be erected and to be filled with innumerable objects of literary interest, and yet how few will ever see even the outside of the building. The nation is rearing edifices, and gathering curiosities from all the ends of the earth, and placing them in a desert, where not one in a thousand of the people will ever go. There is in Washington neither trade, literature nor enjoyment, to attract the people; nothing but the most distasteful of all things, politics. In other countries, the capital and the treasury of a nation are together. Its literature and science are among the people, and where they can be made practically useful. But collections at Washington are little better than if they were out of existence. There is no position so convenient for a political capital of a nation as its commercial capital. To the commercial capital the merchants throng from all parts of the country, and a greater proportion of the people of all occupations, than to any other point. Here, too, are the means of communication with all parts of the country, through newspapers and periodicals, steamboats and railroads. These means of communication are sustained by commerce, and expedited with commercial speed. Here is a press and here are men in multitudes not dependent on politicians for a living, and so the nation can be made to know, in an honest way, what is really done by its servants. But in Washington there is nothing but politics. Everybody, everything, lives by patronage. If the Senate is called in an extra session the day after its adjournment, the members may vote themselves mileage home and back, and no newspaper in Washington can reprove the act. Both houses may vote themselves books of any sort to any extent, under the pretence of informing themselves of their duty, and then sell out their tickets for one fourth the sum which had been paid by the government, and no Washington paper dare expose the fraud. A paper of stern honesty, which should demand integrity and fair dealing with the people, would stand no chance to get the printing of Congress, or government paper of any sort. It must die, of course; for it has no other resource. In more ways than we can now enumerate would the best interests of the nation be promoted by placing the seat of government at New York. But Philadelphia, or Baltimore, would be incomparably better than Washington. If the western giant should ever resolve to remove the seat of government to Cincinnati or St. Louis, it would be no small consolation that the capital, with all its treasures, had been placed within the reach of a much larger portion of the people, and that many of the evils of its present location had been, to some extent, corrected.—*Journal of Commerce.*

A TUTELARY SHADE FOR THE EDUCATIONISTS.

THE moral propriety of separating secular from religious instruction has received an unexpected sanction, as it were from the other world, in the posthumous declaration of Dr. Chalmers.

The great "difficulty" with which the statesmen who advocate public education have to contend, in separating secular instruction from religion, is not their own conviction that such a separation would be in any way dangerous, but the fear of what others will think. Ministers know that they do not waver in their own faith; they know that they are not so many witty Voltaires disguised as whig statesmen; they know well enough that they are not bent upon "undermining the Protestant religion," or "all religion;" and they know that nobody really believes they are: they are simply afraid of the epithets which the professedly sanctimonious do not scruple to use. Timid people dread the epithets of the foul-mouthed in proportion to the very extravagance of the vituperation; and thus the less applicable, the more a statesman shrinks at the mere threat of being called "infidel."

Now Dr. Chalmers was one of those fortunate beings who reconcile opposite influences. The emphatic cordiality of his nature helped to impress all with the sense of the piety within him. It would be a profitless and unpopular outrage to level the epithet of infidel at him. No man ever was known on stronger evidence to be more hearty in his piety, in his zeal to advance religion. He was an avowed advocate for making religion the highest duty of a state. But his acute insight into worldly affairs made him perceive the fact, that while men are hesitating to permit secular without religious instruction—while they cannot agree about the religion to be taught—a large portion of the people remains hopelessly wicked through sheer ignorance. To promote religion, therefore, in this testamentary declaration he exhorts statesmen to separate the religious instruction from the secular. His motives are unimpeachable, his name is unsailable.

Here then is a position for timid ministers; let them take their stand under the shelter of Dr. Chalmers' name. Let them stick by his text—declaring that they want no more than the great teacher of theology in the strictest section of the church of Scotland would have been satisfied with.—*Spectator*, 3 July.

THE RIFLE.—We find in "The Yankee" the following in reference to the principle of construction in the rifle, which is so peculiarly the American weapon that all should comprehend its principle of action—"Many persons who are very expert in the use of the rifle, know nothing of the principle on which it operates, and would be at a loss if asked why a grooved barrel throws a ball truer than a smooth bore. The reasons are these: In the first place, no bullet is or can be cast perfectly spherical. One side is always heavier than the other, and the ball, therefore, swerves from the right line of projection. However hard it may be to prove this, theoretically, practice demonstrates it. The same smooth bore, immovably fixed, twice loaded, with the same charge, of the same powder, and with balls cast in the same mould, will not plant them both in the same spot, at the same distance.

"The rifle barrel is a female screw, which gives

the tightly-driven ball a rotary motion, so that if the bullet, or rather the slug, swerves with one twist of the screw, another revolution corrects the error. There are but three motions in a rifle-ball, the straight forward, the spiral, and the downward, caused by the power of gravity. A rifle of thirty to the pound drops its ball about a foot in a hundred yards. Rifles are sighted, therefore, to meet this deviation. On leaving the barrel, the ball moves above the line of sight, continually falling in a parabolic curve, till it intersects it. The point of intersection is called the *point blank*.

"Who invented the rifle is unknown. Its principle was known to the North American Indians before the discovery of the continent. Their arrows are feathered spirally, and move precisely in the manner of a rifle-ball."

AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN IRELAND.—We copy the following paragraph from the Dublin correspondence of the *National A. S. Standard*. The woman to whom it alludes is well known to many in this city, and we have published letters from her pen descriptive of her travels among the poor of Ireland.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"I told you some months ago about a Mrs. Nicholson, from New York, who has spent two or three years in Ireland, and has travelled through a great part of the country, frequently on foot, visiting the poor, reading to them, and occasionally relieving their necessities. Well, she has just published her travels, and as this book will probably soon be republished in the United States, I would recommend you to read it when you can lay hands on it. It is a great curiosity. The style is the author's, and not founded on any model of ancient or modern times. The book is a good picture of the author: her enthusiasm, her energy, devotedness, and benevolent aspirations for the good of the poor Irish. It is entitled "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger," which is not very appropriate—for although she was often received with great kindness and hospitality, especially by the poor, who considered themselves complimented by the republican terms of equality on which she placed them, (and which they looked upon as great condescension,) yet she was frequently snubbed and treated without much ceremony by the middle classes among whom her lot was cast. These were startled and surprised to see a woman travelling alone, on foot, or in the humblest conveyances, and taking up her rest in the poorest lodging places in town or country. We infer that she received much more ill-treatment and incivility than she relates—but I imagine that this was seldom or never the case where the objects of her self-imposed mission were known and appreciated. The absolute deference paid to all (white) women, as white women, which is so striking a peculiarity of American society, is unknown here. Rank or money, not sex, is the talisman with us. Mrs. Nicholson has, I doubt not, often experienced this, and she is, very naturally, dissatisfied. I look upon her book as the best picture yet published of the mode of life of the Irish peasantry; and as she sympathizes with them warmly, and admires them with enthusiasm, her facts frequently contradict her conclusions. There is not much description of the country, but much of the people, their dwellings, and their habits, which may be fully relied upon. The whole book appears to me to be pervaded by a conscientious desire to

tell the truth, and its circulation will be great indeed if it be commensurate with the philanthropy and disinterested devotion of the writer."

From *Jerrold's Magazine*.

THE LAMENT OF JOANNA OF SPAIN.

JOANNA was the only surviving child of Ferdinand the Catholic, and the great Isabella of Castile. She married Philip, the handsome son of the Emperor Maximilian; and after a few years of married life, rendered very miserable by his neglect and her jealousy, at his death she became mad. His remains were interred in the monastery of Santa Clara, adjoining the palace at Tordesillas; and she sat at the windows that overlooked the sepulchre, mourning and keeping watch, for seven-and-forty years, never leaving the walls of her habitation, or taking any part in the government of her vast possessions, to which her son, the Emperor Charles V., succeeded. Music was her sole delight and recreation.

My life is weariness to me;

I dread the rising of the sun;

And when he sinks amid the sea

I wish the hours of darkness done.

For nought brings pleasure, change, or cheer,

'T is all the same—blank, cold, and drear.

One darksome thought envelops all,

And shrouds existence in the pall.

'T is forty years since I have seen

The autumn sear those forests green;

Blossom and foliage fall away,

And brown, gnarled, naked arms display

Their leanness to the light of day!

'T is forty years since first I viewed

The spring deck out this solitude—

Since I have sat behind this grate,

And seen the earth grow animate

With youth, and bloom, and bird, and bee,

And joy and love for all—but me!

I like the winter best; for then

Nature mocks not my grief-ploughed face;

Winds roar and mourn o'er rock and fen,

And I seem in some kindred place:

For o'er earth's bleak and barren plains

A sympathy with sorrow reigns.

'T is forty years since first I came

With ashes on my heart and head,

A homely, modest boon to claim—

A grave for me and for my dead.

'T is all I hope or ask of Earth,

To take back what she gave at birth.

The sun sets not on my domain.

What did my dower of kingdoms gain?—

My realms of gold in India's main!

I found the peasant's lot above

Her queen's; for she could waken love!

Oh, it hath maddened me to see

All could be happy, loved—but me!

But me! whose very brain gave way,

Whose fond heart sunk, the Furies' prey—

Trampled, disdained, and cast away

By him for whom I would have died

With rapture—ay! and martyr's pride;

For then, perchance, I should have read

Some pity in his keen, cold eye,

For the devoted early dead,

Whose love for him was agony—

In dying more than living blest,

If on his sympathizing breast!

Ah me! those weary days come back

When I was on the mental rack,

And sought in vain to charm and please,

And smiled with spirit ill at ease;

And dressed, and danced, and jested light,

Braided with flowers my locks of night,

And strove to deck my southern face

With the fair Fleming's blooming grace:

For they could please the roving eye

Of him who passed me, widowed, by!

Yet I was beautiful! My brow

Was like the famed Egyptian queen;

Rounded these cheeks—so hollow now!

Beaming, these tear-dimmed eyes have been,

And shone upon my port and face

The beauty of my lofty race.

But it is idle thus to dwell

On charms that long since drooped and died,

That pleased not him I loved so well—

Then, what have I to do with pride!

Ah me! I thought that years of grief

Had brought oblivion's cold relief.

Can Memory with Madness reign?

Give me my reason back again,

Or let me, senseless, rave in vain!

Oh, my great mother! oft I see,

In dreams, thy calm eyes fixed on me—

On me, thy last, lorn, maddened child,

In thoughtful grief, in wonder mild—

Art musing if that God be just,

Whom thou didst serve with boundless trust!

Vigil, and fast, and alms, and prayer,

Rewarded by a maniac heir!

Thy hope, of bud and flower bereft—

And I—the mad and sullen—left!

Mother! Great mother! well didst thou

Bear crown and cross upon thy brow!

Thy faith—a phoenix! rose above

The ashes of Earth's hope and love—

And thou hadst peace! Yes! Peace at last—

Peace—when the cloud and storm were past—

Each thought and wish absorbed in God—

While I rebel beneath his rod!

Mother! Cassandra-like I see

Our long line's mournful destiny—

And, in the haze of grief and shame,

The barren ending of our name!

Madness and weakness, pride and sin—

Spoilers without—false friends within!

Oh! the slow death that gnaws my heart!

My spirit struggles to depart—

What can be worse than forty years

Of raving, moaning, pain, and tears?

Yet is my future dimmed by fears!

Strike the loud harp! my sole delight,

And charm me to forget my woe,

And let the organ's tones of night

Through the cathedral arches flow;

Sing me the psalms of Israel's king—

The great, the penitent, the sad—

My spirit soars upon his wing;

Let me forget that I am mad!

I e'en can pray—"Oh Lord, how long!"

And, soothed and softened by the song,

I bless him for the hope he gave,

And buried, blighted, in the grave!

From the Spectator.

MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ'S PROTECTOR, A VINDICATION.

STRUCK with the light which various documents lately published have thrown upon the character of Cromwell, the Protestant historian of the Reformation determined to give to the world his conclusions from their examination, in some continental review. The work, however, grew upon him, and he found that it would far exceed the limits of an article; an idea of translating Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell" came across him, but it was his own and a general continental opinion, that "Mr. Carlyle's book possesses so much originality of thought and manner as to defy all possibility of rendering them into any of our languages." The consequence was the work before us; in which history, biography, and disquisition are mingled together, disquisition predominating in spirit if not in substance, as might be expected from the original conception.

The Protector, a Vindication, is an evangelical Protestant view of Cromwell's character; in which the author looks upon the great Englishman as an instrument called up to withstand popery and arbitrary power; and estimates his character more by his sayings or writings under all circumstances and at all times, than by his public acts. Conduct is not indeed omitted, and the survey includes a continuous and tolerably full notice of Cromwell's public and private life; but his speeches, letters, and sayings, are the leading texts. The object of D'Aubigné's discourses is to disprove the usual charge of Cromwell's hypocrisy and ambition, and to explain the enigma of his character by ascribing his conduct to a strict sense of Protestant religious duty. Omitting the details, even of great events, and passing lightly over many circumstances of historical or biographical importance, the Genevese divine and historian brings together, as into a focus, those utterances of Cromwell which must be supposed to unfold, as far as any external sign can unfold, his real thoughts and feelings. The vindicator examines Cromwell's conduct at very critical periods—such as the negotiations with the king and the trial, the Irish campaign, the victory at Dunbar, the reiterated proposal that Oliver should take the title of king, and his death. He scrutinizes Cromwell's obscure manhood, and his private life, from the first traces of him to his highest greatness; showing that he was the same "God-fearing" speaking and writing man throughout; and bringing forward proofs of his affectionate and sportive but pious character in domestic letters, that he never could have expected to pass beyond the family. He exhibits the plain simplicity of Oliver's habits and mode of life when he was at the highest point of human power, and, as far as it is possible to judge, of his mind and feelings. He adduces passages from political opponents, from Clarendon to Southey, as testimony to his humanity, or natural good qualities; and concludes from these various evidences, and the consistency traceable throughout, that a deep sense of religious duty was the mainspring of Cromwell's conduct, and the true key by which to unlock his character. Merle D'Aubigné blames the death of the king, but draws a distinction between the culpability of an act and the character which should attach to the actors; and, while doing full justice, and perhaps something more than justice, to the sound Protestant views of the protector, he censures the error by which men are led to look for special

directions instead of applying themselves to the revealed word.

"We are approaching a catastrophe which we would willingly avoid; but which we must in justice acknowledge differs essentially from that which startled the world in 1793. If the safety of the nation was incompatible with Charles' remaining on the throne, was it necessary that he should pass from the throne to the scaffold? Most certainly not. To connive at his escape into a foreign country would have been the most befitting course—an expedient that was afterwards adopted in the case of James II., and, in our own days, in that of Charles X. It was also that which in all probability, as we have seen, Cromwell once desired to have followed. But the fear of compromising the future tranquillity of the nation now condemned the king to a severer penalty. We must deplore such times as those, when men were so prodigal of human blood; we must lament that even the majesty of the throne could not protect a guilty prince; but all the documents of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries attest that men were in those ages condemned to death as we now condemn them to a brief imprisonment.

"The manner in which he [Cromwell] was at length led to sign Charles' death-warrant, has not, perhaps, been sufficiently appreciated. We have already remarked that his great religious error was his assuming for the mainspring of his actions those inward impulses which he ascribed to God, in preference to the explicit commands of the holy Scriptures. He believed in what has been denominated 'a particular faith.' If while engaged in prayer or immediately after he felt a lively conviction in his mind, he thought that this impression proceeded immediately from heaven, and that he ought to follow it as the very voice of God. If, on the contrary, his devotions remained languid, he concluded that he ought to abstain from the meditated act. This is a common error in pious minds, and we might point to one denomination of Christians, celebrated for their spirit of meekness and peace, who partially participate in such sentiments.

"It was this which guided him in the sentence passed on Charles, and freed him from all his doubts and scruples. John Cromwell, at that time in the Dutch service, had come to England with a message from the Princes of Wales and of Orange to endeavor to save the king's life. When introduced to his cousin Oliver, he reminded him of the royalist opinions he had formerly entertained at Hampton Court. The latter, still uncertain as to the line of conduct which he ought to pursue, replied, that he had often fasted and prayed to know the will of God with respect to the king, but that God had not yet pointed out the way. When John had withdrawn, Cromwell and his friends again sought by prayer the path they ought to follow; and it was then the parliamentary hero first felt the conviction that Charles' death alone could save England. From that moment all was fixed; God had spoken; Oliver's indecision was at an end; it remained now merely to act and accomplish that will, however appalling it might be. At one o'clock in the morning a messenger from the general knocked at the door of the tavern where John Cromwell lodged, and informed him that his cousin had at length dismissed his doubts, and that all the arguments so long put forward by the most decided republicans were now confirmed by the will of the Lord.

"Enthusiasm, then, was the cause of Cromwell's

error. This is a serious fault in religion; but may it not extenuate the fault in morals? Is a man who desires to obey God equally guilty with him who is determined to listen to his passions only? Is not God's will the sovereign rule of good and evil?

"Chateaubriand, a witness beyond suspicion on this point, speaking of the times at which we have been glancing, if not of the particular act under examination, proceeds thus:—'At this epoch faith was everywhere, except in a small number of libertines and philosophers; it impressed on the faults, and sometimes even on the crimes, something grave, and even moral, if the expression may be allowed, by giving to the victim of policy the conscience of the martyr, and to error the conviction of truth.' This error in religion is, in our opinion, the only important blemish to be found in Cromwell. At the same time it is the key which opens and explains his whole life. His piety was sincere, but it was not always sober.

"Yet if this error be a great extenuation of the Protector's fault, the crime to which it led him must ever remain, in history, as a warning to terrify those who may base their conduct on their inward impressions, rather than on the sure, positive and ever-accessible inspirations of that word of God which never deceives."

It will be seen from this extract, that *Cromwell, a Vindication*, partakes somewhat of the nature of a sermon; and is not devoid of those peculiarities which the application of religious discourse to lay matters generally involves, or of faults almost inseparable from a mode of composition where exhortation or opinion is wont to run beyond the actual matter. In a literary point of view, however, the book is one of much merit; alike close and skilful in the selection of facts, deriving distinctness and unity from the author's object. As a disquisition it is entitled to great praise; throwing a new light upon an important subject, and establishing a case, if it does not entirely prove it. The day has long since passed when rational men gave heed to the libels of the cavaliers and their scribes upon the Protector; and, partly from the softening of prejudices by lapse of time, partly from a closer research and a more critical spirit of inquiry, the severely loyal and political views of such men as Cowley and Clarendon have been much shaken. The philosophical hypothesis of "hypocrisy" has of late been doubted by some, and attacked by Carlyle; but no one, we think, has treated it so successfully as Merle D'Aubigné—perhaps because he can enter more thoroughly into the religious feeling, and the deep horror of popery felt by the men of Cromwell's age; he also believes that the Protector was specially raised up to oppose the papal power. The most telling if not the strongest point, the peculiar phraseology, the religious cant, so to speak, of Cromwell, he meets generally by regarding it as a mere habit and the mode of the time; but perhaps the best answer is, that it is found in his earliest letters, and always adhered to him. This consistency is the strongest argument in favor of the genuineness of Cromwell's character. It will not, indeed, avail much against the hypothesis of a mixed natural character, where religion, policy, and ambition, were so mingled that the individual himself could not have separated them. The daring, and the apparent recklessness of many of Cromwell's acts and behavior, is more consistent, perhaps, with the idea of a man who in important matters fancied that he always walked by a special direction; as is the plain naturalness which attended him to the very

last. The conduct for which Cowley was unable to find a name, is more reconcilable with either of these suppositions, than with the poet's notion of mere tyranny or wantonness.

"These are great calamities," says Cowley in *A Discourse by Way of Vision concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell*, alluding to his alleged tyranny; "but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endured: for so it is, that the scorn, and mockery, and insultings of an enemy, are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our sufferings; he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to show his power of doing or saying anything. * * * To-day, you should see him ranting so wildly, that nobody durst come near him; the morrow, flinging of cushions and playing at snow-balls with his servants; this month he assembles a parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be only their servant and minister; the next month, he swears by the living God that he will turn them out of doors; and he does so in his princely way of threatening, bidding them 'turn the buckles of their girdles behind them.' The representative of a whole, nay, of three whole nations, was in his esteem so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this, boldness or brutishness? rashness or frenzy? There is no name can come up to it; and therefore we must leave it without one."

Whatever name may be given to Cromwell's conduct, the above proceedings do not savor of hypocritical ambition, which is wont to be more chary of affronting men; nor is it perhaps consistent with any metaphysical characteristics, unless we also take into consideration physical qualities—constitution or temperament.

THE HORRORS OF TRANSPORTATION.

[THE following letter from William Barber, whose remarkable trial and conviction, in connection with the forgeries of Emma Slack, must be fresh in public recollection, deserves publication, not only from the particulars it gives concerning the fate of the writer, but from the authentic information it imparts relative to the system pursued at Norfolk island, and the horrors of a penal settlement. It seemed only fair, at the same time, to reprint the authentic documents sent home by the prisoner, that the public may draw its own conclusions from them:—]

NORFOLK ISLAND, May 28, 1846.

My dear —, * * * Well, I have now existed nineteen months in this "ocean hell," (for such a natural paradise is rendered by man's depravity,) and, as I have an opportunity which may not recur, I must tell you how I have fared. One or two of my former letters will have prepared you for a more favorable account; but I was unwilling to distress you. I now think it better that the naked truth should be told, and here it is:—From the first moment of my landing here everything that was calculated to destroy my mind and body, to goad me to some desperate act, or to break my heart, was inflicted upon me; the most irritating language was addressed to me; the most degrading, laborious, and loathsome employment to be found

on the island was allotted to me; nor could the most obedient submission to every order, the most exact observance of every regulation, the most constant exertions to render myself useful, (and one special and important service I did render to the cause of justice and humanity, as was acknowledged by the judicial authorities,) nor repeated sickness, obtain for me the slightest consideration from those in whose power my extraordinary fate had placed me. Two or three enlightened gentlemen, holding high and responsible government appointments on the island, having, by a minute and careful consideration of all the circumstances of my case, in connection with the disclosures made here by Joshua Fletcher, convinced themselves that I was suffering innocently, humanely interceded with the ruling authority in order to obtain for me, at least, treatment as mild as that which other prisoners were receiving, some of whom were doubly and trebly transported criminals, but in vain; the authorities of "government-house" were inexorable; not only so, but they were exasperated at what they regarded as an irregular "interference" with the course which had evidently been predetermined upon; and, accordingly, the intercession so humanely designed only rendered those who made them obnoxious to the paramount authority, whilst it drew upon me increased oppression and personal malignity. I will trouble you with one or two facts in illustration of the statement I have advanced, and of the marked persecution of which I have been the victim. Dr. Fuller, the surgeon-superintendent of the *Agincourt*, upon his landing, reported his opinion of me in very favorable terms. Accordingly, Captain Lavers, a superintendent of convicts, applied for me to be his clerk. This was refused, and another prisoner by the same ship was appropriated to his service, and I was sent to clean the prisoners' wards. A second application was made for me by Lieut. Lloyd, another superintendent, to be his clerk, but with a similar result: another prisoner by the same ship, and a second-time convicted forger, was appointed to perform in the duties which, compared with the loathsome drudgery allotted to me, was an agreeable pastime. For sixteen months I was kept to this disgusting labor, interrupted only by the frequent and severe illnesses which it produced. I was then sent to the field, placed in one of the heaviest gangs, and compelled to perform a quantity of work equal to men having three times my physical strength, and who had been accustomed to manual labor all their lives. At this time there were at every station on the island and prisoners (chiefly second-time transported offenders, and some of whom had arrived much more recently than myself) employed as clerks, schoolmasters, and in other similar light and intellectual occupations. Some of these had been convicted of serious crimes, even on the island, whilst undergoing their original punishments. Of the latter class I will mention only two instances:—John Swainston, who at the assizes held here in 1845 (the very same at which I rendered important assistance to the commission) received an additional sentence of fourteen years' transportation, was employed in the chief office as clerk. William Burgess (the bank clerk, who, you will remember, by an imposition on the authorities of that establishment plundered his employers of £7,000, and absconded to America) was convicted here of conspiracy with some of the military for effecting the escape of himself and others from the island. For this he was sentenced to work in chains for eighteen months.

Whilst under this sentence he was regularly employed as a clerk in the office at the Longridge station, whilst I, who have never been accused of a single infraction of the regulations, and who had been ten months longer on the island, was up to my knees in mud in the field, exposed to the severity of a most changeable climate—one hour exhausted by heat almost tropical, and the next deluged with torrents of rain, and associated with the veriest ruffians that ever disgraced humanity. And how, I think I hear you ask, has Joshua Fletcher been dealt with? You shall hear. It has been the pleasure of the "powers that be" to treat him with the utmost indulgence, with the exception of a few days, when he was placed in a light gang for some insolence to his superintendent; he has neither performed, nor been required to perform, any manual labor whatever, although for the last twelve months, at least, he has been in robust health: he, the proved and confessed author of the whole plot in which I was so unwittingly involved, has been "medical dispenser," with an apartment appropriated to his private use, superior rations, superior bedding, and enjoying the privilege of sending his fellow-prisoners to light work, heavy work, or no work at all, at his discretion or caprice. Contrast this with my situation, heided with hundreds of my fellow-prisoners, sleeping in a kind of barn with 200 inmates, with a single blanket to cover me, sometimes fairly washed out of my hammock by a torrent of rain through the sieve-like roof, pacing the floor in the dark at the peril of life and limb, my duty being to watch and preserve order in the ward by night and to clean it by day. The perilous character of the watching and peace-preserving department amongst 200 convicts, many of whom had been convicted of murder, and nearly all of crimes of the deepest dye, you may in some degree conceive. The cleaning of a dozen stables would have been a wholesome and agreeable recreation compared with the daily purification of this huge dormitory. In vain will your imagination try to realize my wretched plight. To render my misery complete, a special order was issued to confine me to the "camp," a small area in which the barracks are situated, whilst the other prisoners were permitted to go from station to station, interchanging visits with their relatives or shipmates who might happen to be on the island. In my letter from the Cape you may remember my naming one high-minded and excellent fellow-prisoner with whom I had formed an intimacy. It was no sooner discovered that he occasionally communicated with me at the camp than he was actually forbidden to hold any intercourse whatever with me. Thus, without a shadow of imputation against either of us, I was denied the one drop of sweetness I had enjoyed from the conversation of an enlightened and sympathizing friend, a privilege not withheld from the worst-conducted prisoner on the island. The police (and a viler set of miscreants than the Norfolk Island police never existed) were instructed to have their eyes constantly on me, in the hope, as I verily believe, that some pretext might be afforded for the persecution I had endured. These facile instruments of cruelty, seeing I was thus a "marked man," a proscribed being, harassed and annoyed me under every conceivable pretext; and it is almost a miracle that I have so far escaped their fangs, that, to this day, they have not succeeded in trumping up a single charge against me. In September, 1845, the Rev. Mr. Rogers, one of the chaplains, struck with my emaciated appear-

ance, conceived the idea of engaging me as one of his domestic servants. His humane application was refused, on the pretext that I was ineligible, from not having served two thirds of my period of detention here. A few days after the reverend gentleman applied for a prisoner by the same ship as myself, named Ball, a twice-convicted man. This application was at once complied with; but, to expose still further the mockery of this technical opposition to the claims of justice and humanity, I must select one more case out of many; it is that of the late hospital clerk. He was a London solicitor, convicted upon his own confession of a forgery on the Bank of England, whereby he defrauded that establishment of £2,000, and which he applied to his own purposes; he was brought to this island in the *Maitland*, in which the present civil commandant came out. Immediately upon his arrival he was made hospital clerk; in that situation he served the whole of his two years and a half detention; not one hour's manual labor did he perform, his employment being in a comfortable office, having a private apartment for living and sleeping. From the alternate extremes of heat, and cold, and wet, and hunger, and thirst, and the revolted feelings to which my position hourly exposed me, this proved and confessed offender was permitted to enjoy a complete exemption. About a month after the chaplain's application for me I was taken to hospital with a dangerous attack of dysentery, mainly superinduced, as Dr. Graham considered, by the nature of my employment. Upon my being discharged the doctor recommended my removal to Cascade, the opposite extremity of the island, as a locality better suited to my constitution, and that I should be employed on some lighter and healthier occupation. This recommendation was doggedly resisted, although another prisoner, named Clarke, had been removed to the same station with the like object shortly before without the slightest objection being raised. When Dr. Graham visited Longridge, and found that I was returned to my old duties and was suffering a relapse in consequence, he entered a most indignant protest in the visiting-book, and ordered me back to hospital. Still my oppressors were obdurate; it was not until the chaplain visited my bedside, and was constrained to wait on the commandant, and to express his opinion frankly that, if something was not speedily done to promote my recovery, the grave would soon close over my sorrows, that he yielded to the recommendation and remonstrance of the medical officer. How I have borne all this, and how little I have deserved it, you will see by the accompanying certificates of the Rev. Mr. Naylor, the chaplain of the island, and other gentlemen, (all government officers, too,) who have been eye-witnesses of my conduct and sufferings. Well may the Rev. Mr. Naylor, who is also a magistrate, and has had ten years' experience of convicts in these colonies, and four on this island, say, "I have never known a prisoner of the crown exposed to greater wretchedness;" to which he is pleased to add, "I rejoice to be able to add, I have never seen an instance of more dignified suffering, accompanied by invariable consistency of conduct." I cannot make the statement without most gratefully acknowledging the humane exertions of several gentlemen to obtain for me a participation in the privileges enjoyed by other prisoners whose claims (quite irrespective of my innocence) were indisputably inferior to my own. These benevolent persons reasoned and re-

monstrated with the authorities at government-house, but they only jeopardized their appointments without benefiting me. One of them, whilst I was at work in the field, covered with dirt, drenched with rain, and half starved, said, "Barber, I am really sorry to see you so long continued in this wretched situation, especially as your services would be so serviceable to the government in a more suitable employment; but it seems, though I cannot conceive why it should be, a crime for any one to attempt to ameliorate your condition." The reason assigned for thus singling me out as an object on whom to inflict in a concentrated and unmitigated form all the horrors of Norfolk Island was that I am a prisoner of "great notoriety"—"a special." But had Joshua Fletcher acquired no "notoriety!" Surely, if a wretched policy could have afforded a color of justification for making me an advertisement of the horrors of transportation, consistency would have required a similar course towards that consummate and heartless villain. But to this enlightened "reason" another has been added, namely, that my treatment was pursuant of "instructions." To show the hollowness of this pretext for cruelty, as cowardly as it is tyrannical, I may to the cases of Burgess and Fletcher add those of Winterbottom and Dalmás, the former the eminent solicitor, twice mayor of Stockport—and you will remember that the judge animadverted with much severity upon the aggravated character of his offence: he, although in robust health, has ever since his arrival been employed as a clerk. Dalmás, to whose awful crime I will not advert, has, though perfectly sound in mind and body, never performed but one day and a half of real manual labor; his task has been to make chemical experiments, men being placed under his direction to perform whatever might be irksome to himself; he was also allowed from the first the indulgence, so obstinately denied to me, of sleeping apart from the mass of prisoners. For nineteen months my occupation continued of the degrading, laborious, unhealthy and loathsome character I have described; my daily food being salt meat and Indian corn bread, the former being so execrable that dogs would not eat it, and compared with the latter the coarsest wheaten bread ever seen would be a choice delicacy; vegetables for months I had none; and the water, (my only drink,) drawn from a muddy well, and afterwards permitted to become tepid by exposure to the sun, was very bad. Such has been my condition and treatment on Norfolk Island. I should have endeavored to drink the bitter cup without a murmur if obstacles had not been thrown in the way of vindicating my innocence; but the mere assertion of it has exasperated the representatives of the government here, who seem to have imagined that to stifle truth and to persecute the victim of falsehood would gratify the enlightened members of her majesty's government. The chief authority here did, indeed, upon the very urgent solicitation of the Rev. Mr. Naylor and Deputy-assistant Commissary-general Smith, consent to transmit my memorial, with the report of their investigation annexed, about two months after my arrival; but since that time many most important circumstances have come to light, of which I have not been permitted to avail myself. In March, 1845, I prepared, with considerable labor and much suffering, for I was severely ill, nine long letters to influential persons in England, explanatory of my case, and imploring their attention to it. The Rev. Mr. Naylor also wrote to Lord Brougham and other persons of

distinction, reporting the result of his investigations here, and the disclosures he had elicited from Fletcher, as well during Fletcher's dangerous illness as after his recovery. All these letters I placed in the hands of the authorities here: but instead of forwarding them to the parties direct, as those of all other prisoners were, they were transmitted to the Home Office, where I have reason to fear they still remain. In September, 1845, the Rev. Mr. Naylor wrote a very important letter to Sir Robert Peel, urging the right hon. baronet's attention to my case, and communicating the result of his own personal inquiries. Being desirous of proceeding in strict conformity with the regulations, I transmitted this through the official channel, but it got no further than Hobart-town, where it has been detained by the authorities to this hour. Upon its becoming known that I was occupying my brief interval of leisure in preparing a further statement of the facts of my case, all my papers were suddenly seized, including various original statements and certificates of vital importance to my vindication. After sufficient time had been given for a searching examination of them, and when it was admitted that there was nothing to ground any complaint of misconduct against me, I earnestly supplicated for their restoration; but a deaf ear was turned to my entreaty, and I was told to "be quiet" and "hold my tongue." Everything was done to prevent the possibility of my writing. For some months I was in the habit of acting as teacher of a class in the convict night school, (after my day's work was done,) and while here a rigid surveillance was established to prevent my using pen or paper in any shape whatever, although every other prisoner on the island might write, whenever he had leisure, without the slightest restraint.

This narrative, I assure you, is in no respect inaccurate or exaggerated. On the contrary, I have purposely avoided many painful details which would only harrow your feelings.

Should the particulars, however, transpire, Major Childs may, for the sake of his administration, seek to weaken their force by some miserable equivocation; but, should any contradiction be attempted, you may rest assured that, so soon as the distance can be traversed, my tale will receive such a confirmation as will effectually silence all who may seek to impugn my veracity.

I venture to hope that my narration will serve a higher end than the gratification of mere curiosity, or the exerting of a transient and barren sympathy; that it will awaken in the minds of those to whom you may make it known a disposition to aid in pressing upon the government a reconsideration of my case, not to procure me a mitigation, as some, no doubt, well-meaning persons have proposed; that would be a mockery, especially after what I have suffered. It is only the removal of the stigma of crime, not a diminution of punishment, that I could value.

Every intelligent person out here conceives that my case, as now presented, is complete and unanswerable, notwithstanding the persecution of the immediate organs of the government. I have made many friends who would gladly aid in my deliverance; but, as it is at home that the efforts must be made, I do hope there are those who value truth and justice too much to stand by and see such a tragedy proceeding and not put forth a hand to arrest its progress.

Bestir yourself, I entreat you. Rally my friends;

let them but persevere; and my deliverance is certain. Remember me most kindly to your amiable partner. Cultivate the pleasures of home, the most innocent, the most lasting, the least expensive. Remember me to all who are interesting themselves in my behalf, and who can claim the name of "Christian." Who is not? Good-by.

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM HENRY BARBER.

NORFOLK ISLAND, Sept. 3, 1845.

In leaving Norfolk Island, of which I have been some years the chaplain, I owe to public justice the duty of recording my firm conviction of the perfect innocence of William Henry Barber, now suffering upon it, under a sentence of transportation. Since his arrival here I have heard the reluctant acknowledgment of Joshua Fletcher, the guilty author of the fraud, placing beyond the possibility of doubt the entire innocence of Barber. My exertions shall be continued for his extrication. I deeply lament his truly wretched condition here, and would have gladly seen it ameliorated. I have never known a prisoner of the crown exposed to greater wretchedness. I rejoice to be able to add I have never seen an instance of more dignified suffering, accompanied by an invariable consistency of conduct; and nothing will give me greater pleasure than a renewal of his acquaintance under more favorable circumstances.

Given under my hand this 3d day of September, 1845.

(Signed) T. BEAGLEY NAYLOR, Chaplain.

I certify that William Henry Barber and Joshua Fletcher came out in the ship *Agincourt*, in which I was a passenger, and that, since their arrival on this island, Barber has belonged to the division of which I have been superintendent; that neither during the passage nor upon this island has there been, to the best of my belief, any intimacy between them; on the contrary, I have noticed a decided hostility. I have found Barber a mild and intelligent man; and his conduct has been very superior to that of the men with whom it has been his lot to be associated. Nothing will give me greater pleasure than to hear that the proofs of his innocence, now in course of submission to her majesty's government, have restored him to liberty.

(Signed) SAMUEL LLOYD, R. M.,
Superintendent of Convicts.

Norfolk Island, Sept. 2, 1845.

I hereby certify, as the magistrate who took the examinations of the witnesses against Bartholomew M'Cann and Thomas Edwards, and who committed them for trial for the murder of — Charles, a policeman, and for which they were afterwards executed, that I received most valuable assistance from William Henry Barber, prisoner of the crown; and Mr. Stonor, the crown prosecutor, frequently acknowledged the same to me on his own part. The evidence which Barber gave on the trial fixed a deep and clear conviction upon the minds of the jury of the guilt of the prisoners, but it has exposed him to much persecution from the wretched men around him. I recommended him to the government specially for his services in this case. I regret that as yet nothing has been done to rescue him from the danger in which he has placed himself. I cannot doubt that the government will keep good faith with him in this matter.

Given under my hand at Norfolk Island, this 8th of September, 1845.

(Signed) T. BEAGLEY NAYLOR, J. P.

AGRICULTURAL-OFFICE, NORFOLK ISLAND,
October 12, 1846.

Being about to remove for a time from Norfolk Island, and contemplating the possibility of not returning, I feel it my duty, as an act of justice, to leave with William Henry Barber, whose conduct I have had an opportunity of observing for nearly two years, a testimonial of the very favorable opinion which I have formed of his character, in the hope that it may be advantageous to him at some future period. I have observed Barber's conduct in the most trying and humiliating circumstances of what I am convinced (without any reference to the question of his innocence of the offence of which he stands convicted) was unmerited suffering; and, while I deeply pitied the man, I could but admire his submissive demeanor, patient resignation, and invariable rectitude of conduct, whilst his health was visibly suffering and his frame wasting away under the mental torture inflicted upon him by the degrading and polluting association into which he was forced, and the unmerited and unaccountable persecution of which he was the object for many months, by which the sufferings inseparable from his unhappy condition were daily aggravated beyond that of even the worst conducted convicts, while his enemies could not produce even a colorable charge against him. My position as the second civil officer on the island enabled me at length to procure an alleviation of his sufferings, by getting him removed from gang labor to be assistant-clerk in the agricultural-office, under my own immediate control, in which situation the undeviating rectitude of his conduct, and a general demeanor in every respect worthy of the respectable position which he formerly occupied in society, gained for him my confidence, and on the removal of my principal clerk from the island I obtained the situation for Barber. Considering his former occupation and business habits as a respectable solicitor, it is superfluous to say that he performed his duties ably and correctly. He worked hard from daylight in the morning until a late hour on most nights, performing the duties of two men, without any remuneration or indulgence except what was to his mind a most important relief—separation from the other convicts; and the rigid rules of discipline prevented me from furnishing him from my private resources with even the trifling comfort of a basin of tea or a bit of fresh meat, which I would gladly have done. I have great pleasure in certifying that he has kept himself free from all the contaminating influences of his unhappy situation, both in habits and sentiments as well as principles; and I can with great confidence recommend him as a man whose conduct fully entitles him to the earliest amelioration which the law admits of in his condition, and qualifies him to fill with credit to himself and benefit to society a place in every respect equal to that from which his conviction removed him.

(Signed) GILBERT ROBERTSON,
Superintendent of Agriculture.

The foregoing are true copies of original papers which I have seen.

(Signed) THOMAS ROGERS, Chaplain.
Norfolk Island, Jan. 27, 1847.

From the Britannia.

Memoirs of Viscountess Sundon. By Mrs. THOMSON. 2 vols. Colburn.

THE history of Lady Sundon is a history of the court of Queen Caroline, consort of George II. Lady Sundon was, as Mrs. Clayton, bedchamber-woman to the queen when Princess of Wales, and afterwards her majesty's mistress of the robes. But the offices she filled convey no idea of the position she held, or the influence she exercised. She was the queen's premier, at once her favorite attendant and her chief minister. Standing behind the throne, the queen was usually swayed by her counsels; and courtly applicants, always skilful in discovering the readiest means of gaining their suits, soon flocked round Mrs. Clayton, and made her the honored medium of applications in their favor.

The influence of Queen Caroline in the state was something more than nominal. Her abilities, her resolution, her good sense, her high principles of duty, and her obedience to the king's wishes, and blindness to his vices, secured her an ascendancy over his mind which the arts or seductions of his mistresses could never shake off. From the hour of her accession to the hour of her death she shared with her husband the power and the privileges of the English throne.

In Mrs. Clayton she found a minister to her mind. This lady was discreet, sensible, discriminating, and had a natural talent for business. The collection of her papers, from which the correspondence contained in these volumes is selected, consists, we are told, of seven thick volumes; yet Mrs. Clayton, "with the caution probably acquired by a courtier of many years' experience, destroyed most of the complaining epistles." She had correspondence with the most eminent and most notorious persons of her time, and hence her memoirs become veritable and amusing illustrations of the court and reign of George II. Her personal history may be dismissed in a few lines. She sprang from an obscure family, Dyves by name, married Mr. Clayton, a clerk in the treasury, and through the influence of the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, obtained the appointment of bedchamber-woman to the Princess of Wales. She soon by her diligence and judgment rose in the opinion of her mistress; and, according to the statement of Mrs. Thomson, became indispensable to the queen, from her knowledge of a secret concealed from all but her. Her husband was rewarded for his wife's services. He filled lucrative offices under government, and was before the queen's death created a viscount. But the title expired with him. Lady Sundon had no children. At her death her name sunk into the obscurity from which it rose. She survived her royal mistress but five years; she died in 1742, and her husband ten years afterwards.

The queen did not maintain her power over the king's mind without paying a high price for it. She suffered severely from the gout, but she concealed her malady till the period of her death. She bore her pains without complaint, and without betraying a symptom which could indicate their existence. The shrewd Sir Robert Walpole guessed her secret, and in some way Mrs. Clayton became privy to it; but it was never betrayed; and the queen lived and died a martyr to her pride.

It has been Mrs. Thomson's object to render these volumes generally acceptable, and therefore, instead of making selections from the correspon-

dence merely, she has availed herself of her materials to give sketches of some of the most celebrated characters of that time. The plan is not without objections, as it involves the necessity of giving from biographical dictionaries, and old memoirs and letters, details with which the literary student is already familiar; but Mrs. Thomson writes not for reviewers, but for the public. We think she has chosen wisely, and can very conscientiously recommend her volumes as an entertaining repository of court and family anecdotes during the period to which they refer.

It is very proper that in our extracts we should begin with the leading personage of these volumes,

THE CONSORT OF GEORGE II.

"If we may accredit, in their fullest extent, the eulogiums of one whom the queen consort of George II. favored, her acquirements were such as would have distinguished not only any princess, but any prince, of that or any other period. Educated by the sister of George I., the accomplished queen of Prussia, Caroline was indebted to that able guardian of her youth for many of those advantages of culture and precept which afterwards shone forth with so steady a light on an admiring court. Nature had prepared the soil in which this good seed was implanted. To a ready and quick apprehension she united a lively imagination, and, what her panegyrist entitles, 'a large compass of thought.' She had a royal memory; not only for facts of history, and for the grave subjects she was incessantly considering, but for the characters and merits of individuals, for personal anecdotes, for the genealogies of eminent families, both in England and on the continent; and this gracious attribute appears to have been transmitted to her descendants, on whom it bestowed a great degree of popularity, aided by a courtesy which they may also be conjectured to have inherited from this remarkable woman, since it was not a characteristic of the Hanoverian race.

"A ready discernment of character was another valuable attribute of Queen Caroline's mind. No one more perfectly understood variations of manner; no one read motives more quickly; so that she was enabled to form a due estimate of those who were presented to her notice, and to avail herself of their various acquirements and tempers, according to her own conscience and pleasure.

"She had gained an extensive knowledge in philosophical subjects, on which she delighted to converse with those learned men who could aid her acquisitions by bringing new light upon her studies; the whole range of arts and sciences is said to have been compassed by her inquiring and masculine intellect; whilst to this solid superstructure she united the lighter qualities of the mind, without which woman may be respected but can scarcely be beloved. She excelled in conversation, and was not only profound in her reasoning but full of vivacity. She delighted in a repartee; and, what was a proof of rare forbearance, could receive, as well as give, one gracefully. * * * Endowed with a wonderful command of every feeling, her capacity for enjoyment strengthened and enlarged by the constant exercise of her understanding, all intellectual sources of interest were enjoyed by the queen with an enthusiasm which was, at once, but little comprehended by the votaries of pleasure or by the phlegmatic prince to whom it was her destiny to be united. Gay at heart, delighting, for instance, in the society of children—passionately fond of her own, who but ill requited her tenderness—the equa-

ble spirits of this fine intellectual being astonished many, who could not believe that they were genuine, but who attributed to dissimulation the sweetness and the dignified ease of her deportment. It was one of her observations, that her character 'would never be known till after her death.' She preferred the inward approbation of her own mind to the applause of the world, and discerned the true value of things; not setting upon them the price which public opinion sometimes unjustly sanctions."

Yet her death was in some respects less honorable than her life; and in the refusal to see her son, and the preservation of her fatal secret to the last, we read a touching commentary on

THE PENALTIES OF ROYAL STATE.

"Her endurance, not to say patronage, of Lady Suffolk was the everlasting stain upon the character of Queen Caroline. Nor were the dying hours of her majesty so enlightened by true religion and benevolence as to efface some painful impressions of her motives and disposition, otherwise so laudable, nor to dispel the suspicions of the cavaliers, that prudence had more influence than principle over her strong mind. She was certainly an actress; even her life was sacrificed to appearances, and to the habitual effort to please the king. She never refused a wish that his majesty expressed; and every morning, at Richmond, walked several hours with him, when she had the gout, which she checked by putting her foot into cold water. Those exertions hastened her fate; her bulk was now considerable, and the pain which she must have endured was exquisite; yet a simple operation might have saved her existence.

"Two persons only, besides Lady Sundon, were in possession of the fatal secret of the queen's disease. These were the king, and Madame Mailborne, the German nurse. At last the truth was necessarily, but when it was too late, divulged to the faculty; mortification ensued, and all hope was abandoned. On her death-bed Caroline refused to see her son, the Prince of Wales. She sent him her blessing and forgiveness; but, considering the extreme distress it would give the king to be obliged to receive so impenitent a son, she refused a personal interview—thus carrying disgraceful enmities with her to the grave."

Of all conditions of life, that of English princesses has usually been the most unfortunate. In these days, when sacrifices are generally unfashionable, and when the suttee is disappearing from India, let us hope that the daughters of our monarch—those lovely girls now in the young and happy spring of life—will be preserved from such a barbarous deprivation of all the joys and natural aims of existence as we find exemplified in

THE CAREER OF THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

"Amelia Sophia, the second daughter of George II., was at this period only seventeen years of age, being born in 1711. At this time her strong intellectual powers appear, from several of Lady Pomfret's letters, to have been developed. In after life she became an accomplished and beautiful young woman, endowed with the feelings natural to her age, yet not permitted to indulge her affections. She remained during the whole of her life single, notwithstanding a suspected predilection for the Duke of Grafton, upon which Walpole has passed his usual sarcasms; relating that on one occasion the princess staid out so long hunting with that noble-

man that her attendants missed her, and she was afterwards found to have gone to a private house in Windsor Forest with the duke, to the indignation of her royal mother.

"During her childhood Amelia was, as it appears from the letters here given, extremely popular; but her character deteriorated in the cramped atmosphere of the court. She is said to have become meanly inquisitive, gossiping, and impertinent; perhaps the active and powerful mind, devoid of any high object, may have preyed on itself. She was a great lover of horses, and passed much of her time in her stables. Gradually, as her beauty declined, her appearance became masculine and repulsive. She wore a round hat and riding-habit, in the German fashion; and to this coarse exterior deafness and short-sightedness were soon added. George IV. was accustomed to relate an anecdote of himself, that, when driving to Bagshot with Lord Clermont, who was dressed in a white great-coat and flannel hood, it was said by several persons on the road, who mistook his lordship for the Princess Amelia, 'How good it is of the Prince of Wales to be the companion of his deaf old aunt.'

"In her conduct as ranger of Richmond-park the princess forfeited all her early popularity. She chose illegally to shut up that national property; an action was brought against her by the inhabitants of the neighborhood, but she was partially successful in the trial. She was afterwards advised by the attorney-general to allow ladders, that those who desired admission might climb over the wall; but her opponents would not be satisfied with this concession; they pushed their claims, and were successful. The princess, after conducting herself with great haughtiness upon this defeat, gave up the rangership. Devoted to cards and snuff, her royal highness closed her uncomfortable and undignified existence, at the age of seventy-five, in 1786."

Let us add to this melancholy picture a character of the princess as she appeared to Lady Pomfret in 1728, before her nature was corrupted by the vicious atmosphere of the court:—

THE PRINCESS AMELIA IN EARLY LIFE.

"The Princess Amelia is the oddest, or, at least, one of the oddest, princesses that ever was known; she has her ears shut to flattery, and her heart open to honesty. She has honor, justice, good nature, sense, wit, resolution, and more good qualities than I have time to tell you, so mixed, that (if one is not a *diabol*) it is impossible to say she has too much or too little of any; yet all these do not in anything (without exception) make her forget the king of England's daughter, which dignity she keeps up with such an obliging behavior that she charms everybody. Do not believe her complaisance to me makes me say one *sillible* more than the rigid truth, though I confess she has gained my heart, and has added one more to the number of those few whose desert forces one's affection. All the rest of our affairs I leave to the description of others, and only tell you what I thought you liked most to hear."

The mistress of a king in her prime, and the gossip of Horace Walpole in her age, is too important a personage to be passed over in this selection of portraits:—

LADY SUFFOLK AS THE KING'S MISTRESS.

"Henrietta Hobart, the eldest daughter of Sir John Hobart, Bart., and sister of Sir John Hobart,

who was created Earl of Buckinghamshire, was the chosen object, not only of the king's, but of the queen's preference. She was a woman of ordinary abilities and of moderate beauty; her face, remarks Horace Walpole, who was intimately acquainted with her in later years, and who gleaned from her many of his anecdotes, 'was regular and agreeable rather than beautiful; a profusion of fine light-brown hair adorned a countenance of equivocal charms.' But a remarkable decorum and elegance of manner, the art of dressing well, and great discretion, without reserve, rendered her a valuable member of a court. To these characteristics she added some higher qualities; her veracity was acknowledged, and the propriety and decency of her conduct established for her the footing of propriety. She was always considered as if her virtue had never been questioned. She was disinterested, kind-hearted, mild, and grave—these pleasing traits have sometimes raised a doubt whether a woman, endowed with so many excellencies, could descend to be the mistress of the king. But, whilst the friends of Lady Suffolk claimed for her the benefit of doubt, the well-known grossness of George II. dispels all hope of her purity; nor has a woman who lends herself to such a course as that which Lady Suffolk pursued, and who calmly surrenders her character to the censure of the world, defying all decorum, any right to expect the honors due to propriety. She condemns herself.

"Lady Suffolk had known, in her early life, vicissitudes of fortune, which tempted her to profit by the opportunities of aggrandizement offered to her in later years. With only the slender fortune, as Horace Walpole entitles it, 'of a baronet's daughter,' she first married Mr. Howard, son of the Earl of Suffolk, whose means were scarcely more considerable than her own. Towards the close of Queen Anne's reign the young couple saw no better prospect of advancement than to repair to the court of Hanover, there to ingratiate themselves with the future sovereigns of England. So small was their income, that Mr. Howard being desirous of giving the Hanoverian ministers a dinner, his wife was obliged to cut off her luxuriant hair to pay for the expense of the entertainment. This happened at a time when full-bottomed wigs were worn, and when twenty or thirty guineas were often paid for those articles.

"Mr. Howard, although worthless and indifferent, was the first to make the scandal public, by going into the quadrangle of St. James' and demanding his wife. Being driven out, he sent her a letter, through the Archbishop of Canterbury, reclaiming her; and that epistle was delivered into the hands of Mrs. Howard by the queen. Nevertheless, upon the court removing to Richmond, the carriage of the favorite was guarded by no less a person than John, Duke of Argyll, accompanied by his brother, Lord Islay; and the queen, whatever were her secret sentiments, countenanced her, whilst her husband was silenced with a pension. Henceforth, Mrs. Howard led a life of bondage, little solaced by real influence, or by what she appeared to disregard—wealth. The queen ever retained the paramount influence over that portion of his majesty's heart which was called, by a stretch of courtesy, his affections. He unceasingly admired her stately figure, and preferred her calm, well-proportioned face to the lowlier beauty of Mrs. Howard, whose existence became a state of slavery, without the plea of duty or the charm of inter-

est. She soon loathed her bonds, but was not permitted to shake them off, lest a younger favorite should gain a greater ascendancy over the king. Deafness, added to advancing age, was in vain urged as a reason, on both sides, for separation. 'I do not know,' said King George, mournfully, to the queen, 'why you will not let me part with a deaf old woman, of whom I am weary!' It was a strange sight to behold the complacent bedchamber-woman dressing the hair of her royal mistress, who delighted in subjecting her to such offices, gilding over the indignity with apologies to her 'good Howard.' The succession of her husband to his title of Earl of Suffolk ended, however, that part of her well-merited chastisement."

LADY SUFFOLK IN RETIREMENT.

"In 1735 the favorite of George II. retired to Marble-hill, at Twickenham, and there she became acquainted with Horace Walpole, who owed so much to her information. Both single, both alone in the world, and both mutually acquainted with different members of the houses of Vere and Dorset, they soon became intimate. What a fireside of gossip must theirs have been! Lady Suffolk was extremely deaf, and was more addicted to narrating than to listening; her memory was astonishingly correct, and her listener was indulgent, and fond of old anecdotes. 'These evenings,' Horace Walpole afterwards remarked, when, in his turn, he became a chronicler, and thus kept up the chain of traditional history, 'were extremely agreeable.'

"The influence of Lady Suffolk had been always kept in subjection by the queen's superior intellect, and by her credit with the minister. Except a barony, a red riband, and a good place for her brother, Lady Suffolk could succeed but in a very subordinate degree. She left the court with a very limited income, and was obliged to be economical, although Marble-hill had been presented to her. She married Mr. George Berkeley on leaving the court, and outlived him. How happy must she have been to escape from the disgraceful thralldom of her vicious life, from the slavery of her attendance on the queen, and the mortifications she endured! It is amusing to find Horace Walpole speaking of the *dignity* of her behavior."

Much wiser, as well as much more virtuous, was another lady, who refused to return the king's passion:—

THE ACCOMPLISHED MARY BELLENDEN.

"This fair and irreproachable young lady divided the court with Mrs. Howard. Her face and person, according to Horace Walpole, were charming; 'lively was she almost to *clourderie*, yet so agreeable that she was mentioned by her contemporaries as the most perfect creature they ever knew.' As she delighted the dangles in the waiting-room with her sallies, yet kept the most audacious of them at a distance by the real innocence of her heart, the charms of Miss Belenden attracted the coarse admiration of the Prince of Wales. George had never until that time been devoted to any woman except his princess; henceforth his love was divided between Miss Belenden and his money. The high-spirited girl, disgusted at his preferences, and hating his avarice, cried out one night as he was counting out his money beside her, 'Sir, if you do so again I will go out of the room.'"

The volumes are rich in female portraits. The widow of the celebrated John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, was in some respects a more singular

character than her contemporary, the Duchess of Marlborough. The daughter of James II. and Katherine Sedley, or, as scandal said, of that lady and Colonel Graham, she was proud of her illegitimacy, and when raised to the rank of duchess, became, according to Walpole, "more mad with pride than any mercer's wife in Bedlam." In men the display of excessive vanity is often checked by pride, which dreads ridicule. Women have seldom such a restraint upon their conduct. The widowed Duchess of Buckingham presents as good an example as can be found of

THE MADNESS OF VANITY.

"The Duchess of Buckingham assumed all the honors of her birth, as she considered them to be. She 'had the happiness to please,' such was her own expression, 'the man of the finest sense and sharpest discernment,' and in so doing found her only pleasure. She became after his death, at the age of seventy-one, the guardian of his son, a minor, and the lofty possessor of Buckingham-house, respecting which we find in the 'Suffolk Letters' a curious epistle from her, treating, in 1723, of granting a lease of that mansion to George II., then Prince of Wales. 'Considering,' she impertinently remarks, 'the little care and regularity that is taken in the prince's family, did his highness give as much again as he might now have it for, it is possible one might repent it at the expiration of the lease. If their royal highnesses will have everything stand as it does, furniture and pictures, I will have £3,000 per annum; both run hazards of being spoiled, and the last, to be sure, will be all new bought when my son comes of age.' She afterwards offered it on purchase for £60,000, the Princess of Wales having asked her at the drawing-room 'if she would sell her fine house.' The royal family, of whom the Duchess of Buckingham was thus speaking, were the objects of her avowed abhorrence; yet it did not prevent her treating with them, in hopes of driving a good bargain. She gave to the laughing world, indeed, a burlesque of Jacobitism; maintained a sort of royal state, and affected a great devotion to the memory of her grandfather and father. She went to weep over the body of James II. at Paris. One of the monks, seeing her emotion, thought it a proper opportunity to remark how ragged the pall was which was placed over the body, then kept unburied, to be interred one day in England; but the duchess did not offer to supply another. She had occasionally correspondence with the chevalier James Stuart, over whom she is said to have exercised an influence—a proof of what effrontery can effect over weak minds.

"When the duchess found herself dying, she sent for Anstis the herald, and settled all the pomp of her funeral ceremony. She was afraid of dying before the preparations were ready. 'Why,' she asked, 'won't they send the canopy for me to see! Let them send it, even though the tassels are not finished.' And then she exacted, as Horace Walpole affirms, a vow from her ladies that, if she should become insensible, they would not sit down in her room until she was dead. Funeral honors appear, indeed, to have been her fancy; for when her only son died she sent messengers to her friends, telling them that, if they wished to see him lie in state, she would admit them by the back stairs. Such was the delicacy of her maternal sorrow.

"But there was one match in pride and insolence for Katharine, Duchess of Buckingham: this was

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Upon the death of the young Duke of Buckingham his mother endeavored to borrow the triumphal car that had carried the remains of Marlborough to the grave. 'No,' replied the widowed Duchess of Marlborough, 'the car that has carried the Duke of Marlborough's body shall never be profaned by any other.' 'I have sent to the undertaker,' was the Duchess of Buckingham's rejoinder, 'and he has engaged to make a better for £20.'"

An interesting chapter of the work relates to the history of the great Boyle family, and the singular and unhappy career of their historian, Eustace Budgell. Beginning life under the fairest auspices, a lampoon he published against the Duke of Bolton worked his ruin. In those days it was easy for a great man to sacrifice an official aspirant to his anger. Budgell felt the implacable resentment of his powerful foe in every situation of his varied life, till at last, to escape the intolerable persecution, he put a period to his intrigues. It is pleasing to turn from the intrigues of a vicious court to the view of public honor, of social usefulness, and private virtue, presented in the history of many members of the Boyle family. We know not how we can better close our notice of this amusing work than by extracting an observation, the fruit of long experience, made by the estimable Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, on

THE HAPPINESS OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

"Whenever," he wrote, "we step out of domestic life in search of domestic felicity, we come back again, disappointed, tired, and chagrined. One day passed under our own roof with our friends and our family is worth a thousand in any other place. The noise and bustle, or, as they are foolishly called, the diversions of life, are despicable and tasteless when once we have experienced the real delight of a fireside."

From the Examiner.

The Ancient World; or, Picturesque Sketches of Creation. By D. T. ANSTED, Professor of Geology in King's College, London. Van Voorst.

THIS is a very instructive and interesting book; bearing ample testimony to the knowledge, and to the judgment (a rarer quality among geologists) of its author. Only one grave objection to its design or execution can be urged; and we will relieve ourselves of critical fault-finding by mentioning it at once and dismissing it. We allude to the attempt at the outset to give the book the air of a pleasant story; of a treatise "adapted to the meanest capacity." It opens in the style of a fairy tale—"Long, very long ago—many ages before the creation of man," &c. The attempt is soon relinquished. It was of course impossible to continue it side by side with technical scientific terminology, and constant references to abstract principles of induction and the rationale of evidence, which could not by possibility be got rid of. But it ought never to have been assumed. It is a style which inspires distaste and suspicion in the more intelligent and better informed; and does not remove a difficulty from the way of any one else. It is displeasing even to the ill-informed. Nothing irritates children or ignorant people so much as an obvious attempt to write and talk down to their capacity; nothing, on the contrary, is so useful to learners as the speaking in a simple and manly style. To appear

to acknowledge an equality of intelligence is to rouse the ambition to attain it.

Professor Ansted disclaims any attempt beyond a graphic statement of the results of geological inquiry; but says, that though his pages may not communicate argumentative proofs, yet actual observations alone are presented; "the conclusions which alone seem rational will be narrated as history." He adds, that his object in alluding to the series of investigations on which the science of geology is founded, is rather to show how far there are supposed to exist materials for description and history, than to enter into any discussion or argument concerning these materials. In pursuance of this intention, after briefly pointing out the indication of successive formations contained in the relative positions of strata as laid bare by geological sections, and the historical monuments imbedded in each stratum in a fossil form, he proceeds to pass in review the three great geological periods.

First, however, he casts a rapid glance over the era of the azoic rocks. And there is a passage in this preliminary review which excellently illustrates at once the vivid clearness with which the author reanimates those by-gone ages, and the sound and sober judgment which we have noticed as one of the characteristics of his mind.

"Thus do these lowest sedimentary strata, whose vast antiquity is in many cases unquestionable, but which sometimes, like the granite itself, have been elaborated at later periods, occupy a definite place among the rocks of which the earth's crust is made up. They mark, it would appear, a strange and dark passage from that state which we have considered chaotic, to a condition of more regular and quiet deposit; they are, however, with reference to fossiliferous rocks, azoic, or lifeless; and they are also as a class almost as widely spread, and as distinctly universal, as the granitic rocks themselves. At the end, therefore, of this our first period, we may suppose that there existed a globe, whose surface exhibited alternations of land and water; the land having in some places as distinctly stratified an appearance as it has at present, and the thick masses of strata resting on huge bosses and peaks of granite and other igneous rock;—but all was then bare and desolate; not a moss nor a lichen covered the naked skeleton of the globe; not a seaweed floated in the broad ocean; not a trace existed even of the least highly organized animal or vegetable; everything was still, and with the stillness of absolute death. The earth was indeed prepared, and the fiat of creation had gone forth; but there was as yet no inhabitant, and no being endowed with life had been introduced to perform its part in the great mystery of Creation.

"It must, however, be distinctly understood that this view is strictly hypothetical, and is, after all, only one means of explaining certain phenomena. So far as it is an illustration of facts that have been observed, it has its value, and may be received provisionally; but, so far as it is merely a theory of the earth, it is worth neither more nor less than other different theories, many of which were proposed by cosmogonists of ancient date, and some have been put forth in our own time by persons who have as little ground for theorizing."

The three great periods sketched by Mr. Ansted are substantially those which have been established by the researches of Sir R. J. Murchison. The ancient epoch he divides into four periods—the period of invertebrated animals, the period of fishes, and the period marked by the presence of vegetables

and the first appearance of reptiles. The middle epoch is subdivided into the period of frog-like, bird-like, and marine reptiles; the period of gigantic land reptiles, of flying reptiles, and of the first appearance of mammalia; and the period of the chalk and green sand. The modern epoch is also divided into three periods. In the first we have the Pachyderms of the Paris basin, and the apparently sub-tropical fruits and animals of the London and Hampshire basins; in the second, the large animals of the Middle Rhine Valley, and the mastodon and elephants found in various countries; in the third, the gigantic ruminating and other animals found in gravel, and the fossil inmates of caverns. Specimens of the manner in which the living beings existed in each epoch, and of the appearance of inanimate nature around them, are all our space admits of; but these will sufficiently illustrate the purpose and execution of the work.

The seas of the very earliest period, from which fossils (natural mummies) have been handed down to us, are thus described:

"No doubt the appearance of these ancient seas would have appeared strange to the eyes of the naturalist, could an inhabitant of the world in its present state have become acquainted with the mysteries of the ocean's deep abysses at that time. With something of resemblance in the reefs and islands of coral rising gradually to the water's edge; as the coral polyp toiled and labored from day to day and from year to year, there would yet be much more of difference both in the shallows and depths of the ocean. The former, sometimes with a sandy, but more frequently a muddy bottom, would be peopled with countless myriads of those unsightly animals, the trilobites, swimming near the surface of the water with their backs downwards, looking out constantly, and sinking at the slightest approach of danger from beneath; while the remains of successive generations of these creatures, mixed with mud and sand, would rapidly form beds sometimes of great extent. From amongst such beds, or attached to the solid rock, would be seen, rising or leaning over on their short and slender stems, the simple forms of the crinoids or stone-flowers, more beautiful, perhaps, and more picturesque than the sea-anemones of our own coast, even when these latter are seen in all their beauty, and with their tendrils and fibres widely expanded and brilliantly colored. The crinoids, wanting indeed the color, but of far more elegant form, would some of them be seen spreading out their arms and fingers in search of prey, while others closed entirely their cup-like envelope—giving a variety and life to the sea bottom, in spite of the cold, hard, stony framework of the animal, scarcely concealed by a living coat of leathery integument.

"Besides these, and sometimes attached to them, every hard fragment of rock, and every hard surface at the bottom of the sea, at all moderate depths, would doubtless be overgrown with some one or other of the numerous family of Brachiopoda, (Trilobites, &c.,) which we know to have been abundant. A few of the Conchifera, (Pectens, &c.,) with their bivalve shells, might also be seen flitting about in the water, moving by jerks produced by the sudden shutting of their valves, but an infinite number and variety of other animals, swimming with much greater freedom and elegance, and of far greater size, then crowded the ocean, rising and sinking at pleasure, and with great facility. Some of these were of formidable dimensions, exhibiting a strange, spear-like tail projecting downwards, and

terminating above in a more or less powerful and sack-like body, moving with infinite rapidity in every direction; while others, short and almost globular, were perhaps less active, and sought their food in the little bays and inlets."

There is a sketch in the history of the second epoch, wild and huddling as a St. Anthony's dream by Teniers, yet fierce as a group of banditti by Salvator Rosa!

"If we wish to pass in review the various groups most characteristic of this singular period, concerning whose natural history we have so many and such distinct facts recorded, we must imagine a wide tract of open sea, into which a quantity of fine sediment of calcareous mud was in some way carried and deposited. From the distant land whence this mud was washed came also occasionally trunks of trees conveyed by marine or river currents. Attached to them, and also occasionally fastened to sea-weeds or other floating bodies, would appear in large clusters—(like the bunches of barnacles sometimes suspended from a ship's bottom)—the singular pentacrinites, their long stony column fringed thickly with branches of articulated stone, with a stony coat of mail surrounding the pouch or stomach, and a similar but more delicate defence covering the extensible proboscis. With innumerable arms widely extended in a complicated fringe, this strange mass of living stone expanded itself, and drew within its cold embrace the floating bodies on which it fed. One might fancy that some marine Briareus, looking on the strife and carnage of this great reptilian period, whose horrors might well have had the fabled effect attributed to the snakes of Medusa's head, had suddenly become petrified, retaining however its vital powers, and, with its complicated skeleton, continued to perform its office by cleansing the sea of an accumulation of decaying animal matter.

"But while the Pentacrinite was thus the floating scavenger of that period, the bottom of the sea, although not covered with encrinites and chorals, was well provided with other animals performing the same part in nature. The great beds of Gryphea—the oysters of their day—are sufficient proof of this, and the Terebratulæ and Spirifers tell the same tale. Among the invertebrate animals, however, the ammonite and the belemnite were undoubtedly the most remarkable, and, at least in certain districts of the sea, were enormously abundant. Some of them being enclosed in shells, some enclosing shells, and some perhaps not provided with any solid frame-work, swam about, or dwelt at various depths, and by their carnivorous and voracious habits greatly tended to keep down the exuberance of the lower forms of life.

"The neighborhood of the shore, and the shallow banks during this period were peopled by multitudes of fishes of moderate size, living chiefly on the crabs, lobsters, and shell-fish, or on the encrinital animals; and, for the purpose of crushing the shells of such creatures, these fishes were provided with a pavement of hard, rough, enamelled teeth fixed on the palate. The whole body also and the head were covered with plates of bone, also coated with enamel, and serving as a defence against the attack of the larger ammonites and belemnites. Further out at sea were tribes of sharks of different species, all predacious and carnivorous, and many of them of the most gigantic proportions. No fishes like those now common on the coasts of England then existed on the earth.

"There were also numerous other animals belonging to those remarkable groups which I have attempted to describe in some detail. Imagine then one of these monstrous animals, a *Plesiosaurus*, some sixteen or twenty feet long, with a small wedge-shaped crocodilian head, a long, arched, serpent-like neck, a short, compact body, provided with four large and powerful paddles, almost developed into hands; an animal not covered with brilliant scales, but with a black slimy skin. Imagine for a moment this creature slowly emerging from the muddy banks, and half walking, half creeping along, making its way towards the nearest water. Arrived at the water, we can understand from its structure that it was likely to exhibit greater energy. Unlike the crocodile tribe, however, in all its proportions, it must have been equally dissimilar in habit. Perhaps, instead of concealing itself in mud or among rushes, it would swim at once boldly and directly to the attack. Its enormous neck stretched out to its full length, and its tail acting as a rudder, the powerful and frequent strokes of its four large paddles would at once give it an impulse, sending it through the water at a very rapid rate. When within reach of its prey, we may almost fancy that we see it drawing back its long neck as it depressed its body in the water, until the strength of the muscular apparatus with which this neck was provided, and the great additional impetus given by the rapid advance of the animal, would combine to produce a stroke from the pointed head which few living animals could resist. The fishes, including perhaps even the sharks, the larger cuttle-fish, and innumerable inhabitants of the sea, would fall an easy prey to this monster.

"But now let us see what goes on in the deeper abysses of the ocean, where a free space is given for the operations of that fiercely carnivorous marine reptile, the *Ichthyosaurus*. Prowling about at a great depth, where the reptilian structure of its lungs and the bony apparatus of the ribs would allow it to remain for a long time without coming to the air to breathe, we may fancy we see this strange animal, with its enormous eyes directed upwards, and glaring like globes of fire; its length is some thirty or forty feet, its head being six or eight feet long; and it has paddles and a tail like a shark; its whole energies are fixed on what is going on above, where the *Plesiosaurus* or some giant shark is seen devouring its prey. Suddenly, striking with its short but compact paddles, and obtaining a powerful impetus by flapping its large tail, the monster darts through the water at a rate which the eye can scarcely follow towards the surface. The vast jaws, lined with formidable rows of teeth, soon open wide to their full extent; the object of attack is approached—is overtaken. With a motion quicker than thought the jaws are snapped together, and the work is done. The monster, becoming gorged, floats languidly near the surface, with a portion of the top of its head and its nostrils visible, like an island covered with black mud, above the water."

In the third epoch, we set feet not exactly on dry land, but upon tree-bearing mud, and Mr. Ansted is as much at home among its inhabitants as he was when dabbling in the waters of earlier eras. *Pterodactyl* is the name given by the learned to the principal figure of the following group:

"The lofty forest-trees, perhaps not much unlike some existing but southern pines, are woven together with thick underwood; and the open country, where it is not wooded, is brown with numer-

ous ferns, still the preponderating vegetation, and distributed in extensive groups. Here and there a tree is seen, overturned and lying at its length upon the ground, preserving its shape, although thoroughly rotten, and serving as the retreat of the scorpion, the centipede, and many beetles. A few quadrupeds, not larger than rats, but of marsupial structure, are distinguished at intervals, timid even in the absence of danger, and scarcely appearing from their shelter without great precaution. These feed upon the grubs and other insects living upon or burrowing into the ground.

"A strangely formed animal, however, is perceived running along upon the ground: its general appearance in motion is that of a bird, but its body and long neck, its head and wings, are not covered with feathers, but are either quite bare, or perhaps resplendent with glittering scales; its proportions are quite unlike those of any known animal; its head is enormously long, and like that of a crocodile; its neck long and outstretched, or thrown back on the body; its fore extremities have four free toes, but the fifth toe folded down on the body; its hind legs are short, and its feet perhaps webbed. This animal, running along upon the ground, pursues and devours the little quadruped we have been watching, and then, perhaps, darts off towards the sea to feed upon the fishes, which its peculiar powers would enable it to take, either pouncing upon and so transfixing the victim, or even occasionally wading or diving in search of prey.

"But we have not yet noticed the strangest phenomenon. This mailed reptile, four of its fingers still free, but the fifth opened out, and by a connecting membrane forming a wing of very large size, rises into the air, and flits about or hovers over-head, realizing and even surpassing, in the conditions of its existence, the wildest mythological accounts of flying dragons which we read of, or those representations which we see pictured by the pencil of the Chinese. There is scarcely any freak of the imagination, however wild or vague, that does not seem surpassed by some reptilian reality during this remarkable period."

But the full glow of the professor's enthusiasm is reserved for the agonistic exercises of the *Megatherium*. Upon the Milo-like feats of pre-Adamitic wrestlers, he enters, side by side with Professor Owen, with all the *gusto* of an amateur of "the fancy."

"But presently the *Megatherium* himself appears, toiling slowly on from some great tree recently laid low and quite stripped of its green covering. The earth groans under the enormous mass; each step bears down and crushes the thickly grown reeds and other plants; but the monster continues to advance towards a noble tree, the monarch of this primeval forest. 'For a while he pauses before it, as if doubting whether, having resisted the storms of so many seasons, it will yield even to his vast strength. But soon his resolution is taken. Having set himself to the task, he first loosens the soil around the tree to a great depth by the powerful claws on his fore feet, and in this preliminary work he occupies himself for a while: and now observe him carefully. Marching close to the tree, watch him as he plants his monstrous hind feet carefully and earnestly, the long projecting claw taking firm and deep hold of the ground. His tail is so placed as to rest on the ground and support the body. The hind legs are set, and the animal, lifting himself up like a huge kangaroo, grasps the tree with its fore legs at as great a height

as possible, and firmly grapples it with the muscles of the trunk, while the pelvis and hind limbs, animated by the nervous influence of the unusually large spinal chord, combine all their forces in the effort about to be made. And now conceive the massive frame of the Megatherium convulsed with the mighty wrestling, every vibrating fibre reacting upon its bony attachment with the force of a hundred giants: extraordinary must be the strength and proportions of the tree, if, when rocked to and fro, to right and left, in such an embrace, it can long withstand the efforts of its assailant." (Owen, on the Mylodon.) The tree at length gives way; the animal, although shaken and weary with the mighty effort, at once begins to strip off every green twig.

"The effort, however, even when successful, was not always without danger. The tree in falling would sometimes by its weight crush its powerful assailant, and the bulky animal, unable to guide it in its fall, might often be injured by the trunk or the larger branches. To guard against some of this risk, the skull, the most exposed part, is found to exhibit more than usual defence against injury. It is more cellular than is usual with other animals, and the inner and stronger plate is covered with an outer table and intermediate walls, to resist a sudden and violent shock."

The last chapter of Mr. Ansted's work ought to be often in the hands, and always present in the minds, of geological or cosmological inquirers. We find it difficult to say whether it has impressed us with more of respect for the comprehensive range of thought, or for the control exercised by a strong judgment over a daring and vivacious imagination. We wish we could have quoted it. But we have given enough to stimulate curiosity to the perusal of his book. The book itself aims, by stimulating curiosity, to tempt to geological research.

It is printed and put forth with great elegance. Mr. Van Voorst shows uniform good taste in such matters.

TRAITS OF YANKEE CHARACTER.—An eminent professional gentleman, from the city of brotherly love, on a late visit made to Boston, to recruit, after a severe illness, having recovered his wonted energy under the influence of the cool air from the water, together with divers boating and piscatory excursions in the harbor and the bay, as well as a daily dip and one extra plunge into the briny sea, and having satisfied his curiosity by visiting many of the objects of interest in and about the city, and the special objects of professional attention, thought that he could not return to his arduous duties in the rectangular city without placing his patriotic foot upon the pilgrim rock of Plymouth. In indulging this wish, he met with the following incidents, illustrating two somewhat opposite traits of Yankee character. In the railroad car he encountered an intelligent enthusiast, dressed in rather coarse apparel, carrying with him a carpet-bag of no moderate dimensions. On the arrival at Plymouth, finding no conveyance by carriage, the Pennsylvanian joined company with the "down-easter," who was on the same errand, in trudging to the rock. Having reached the object of curiosity, and having indulged in the train of thought which the place naturally awakens in the mind while loitering near the spot, he was arrested by the voice of prayer,

and, turning suddenly, he found his companion on his knees on the rock engaged in fervent supplication. At the conclusion of this touching effusion of the heart, he again addressed his companion, and learnt that he was "a descendant of one of the pilgrims, and he could not rest until he had uttered that prayer upon that rock." As the man was about to wipe a tear which was falling down his cheek, he checked himself, and, stooping forward, he let it fall upon the stone, with the expression, "No, I won't do it! It belongs there—there let it fall." "Give me your hand, friend," exclaimed the doctor; "I like your sentiment."

On returning to Boston, the cars were detained at Braintree, as is usual, for another train. Finding at this stop that many of the passengers made a plunge at a certain yellow cake and dark-looking drink, the doctor was induced by curiosity, and a little prompted by hunger, to enter the shantee restaurant and taste the diet bread, which he found not unpalatable, and, after a little hesitation, to drink a tumbler of something, which, under the name of root beer, he thought, from the taste, to be a compound decoction of senna and gentian. On entering the cars he missed his ticket, which he had placed in front of his hat to meet the constant call of the conductor at the frequent stopping-places. He once more returned to the refectory in search of it, as he remembered removing his castor there to wipe his brow, and commenced looking for the lost card. Not finding it, he addressed a group of boys, from eight to eleven years of age, saying—"Boys! I have lost my ticket; will you help me find it?" The lads looked at one another a little queerly, and engaged in the search; but as they did not appear very anxious to find it, the doctor, in order to quicken their zeal, said—"Boys! that ticket cost me a dollar; if any one of you will find it, I will give him a quarter." Even this did not make them very earnest in the search, and the stranger was about giving up the point, when one of the younger of the urchins stepped up to him, saying—"Sir, will you give me ninepence if I will tell you where it is?" "Certainly I will," said he; "why, I offered you twice as much to find it." "Well, then, sir," answered the boy, "it is in the back of your hat." The gentleman was glad to give the young rogue the full quarter and escape the deafening shout of the waggish group; and returned to the city, having added this information to his fund of knowledge: that the pious blood of the pilgrims still circulates in the veins of some of their descendants; and that the somewhat equivocal shrewdness which he had before seen in the Yankee pedler was a commodity at the north as common as the boys in the streets.—*Boston Post.*

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS IN MEXICO.—There are now eight American newspapers regularly published in Mexico, viz., the Flag at Matamoras, Sentinel at Tampico, Eagle at Vera Cruz, Chronicle at do., Star at Jalapa, — at Monterey, (New Leon,) Californian at Monterey, (California,) and a Mormon paper at Yerba Buena, do. Of the whole number, two are in the department of Tamaulipas, one in that of New Leon, three in that of Vera Cruz, and two in California. Another will soon be wanted in Puebla, another at San Luis Potosi, and two in the city of Mexico.—*Journal of Commerce.*

From the Britannia.

A Journey to Damascus, through Egypt, Nubia, Arabia Petrea, Palestine, and Syria. By Viscount CASTLEREAGH. 2 vols. Colburn.

LORD CASTLEREAGH'S narrative is distinguished by its good sense and unpretending character. There are no ambitious passages in it. He relates plainly what he witnessed and what he encountered. He gives vent to no bursts of enthusiasm; but his reflections are always those of an elevated and cultivated mind. The places he visited have been so often described that it is scarcely possible, perhaps, to say anything new of them, nor does the author make the attempt. He is content to be natural, judicious, and intelligible. His style is remarkably facile and easy, and he gives just ideas of extraordinary scenes and incidents, without departing from that elegant simplicity of language which is one great merit of his book. It has numerous plates from the drawings of a fellow-traveller, which attract notice from their combination of boldness and precision.

It is not necessary to follow the steps of the traveller. In Upper Egypt the stupendous remains of an ancient world surpassed his expectations, and filled him with awe and astonishment. It is easy to understand how some of these colossal works have been defaced by the hostility of man, and how others have been obscured by the gradual operation of natural causes, which has buried them deep in the shifting sands. But the ruin in particular cases appears to have been effected by the direct interposition of Heaven. Lord Castlereagh conceives that to the outstretching of an Almighty hand we must attribute

THE RUINS OF KARNAC.

"In the evening, by the rays of a beautiful moon, after looking again upon the dark portal of Luxor and its gloomy sentries, we started for Karnac. There was formerly a broad road leading from the portal of Luxor to the great gate at Karnac. We passed through fields of long, bent grass, and in half an hour reached a village, with its mud walls and straggling palms. The dogs turned out, snarling and howling as usual. At first we could see nothing, neither temples nor ruins. Everything seemed low and indistinct. Turning round a bank, we arrived at the famous avenue of sphinxes, and here the first pylon of the great temple was before us, with the moon streaming upon it, and its long, deep shadow sleeping upon the plain. As we came nearer, it seemed by degrees to grow upon us; but not till we stood under it were its colossal dimensions evident. The guides and horses seemed like dwarfs. So matchless are the proportions, and so simple and so grand the form, that no idea can be formed of the size until it overwhelms one. Passing through it, we entered a small temple, from the neighborhood of which the view which presents itself is extraordinary. Mass upon mass of stones, fragments of pillars, blocks of granite, heaped in endless confusion, meet the eye everywhere, looking as though shaken down by some superhuman power. Wonderful must have been their elevation, but more wonderful still their fall!

"I can give no accurate measurement of the size of some of these fragments, but a horse and rider would disappear behind many of the single pieces. Beside the portal are two sitting statues of granite, facing each other. The great hall of

the temple then appeared in all its sublimity. We felt that to behold these magnificent remains more than repaid us for what we had endured. The sight surpassed both all I had heard and all I had anticipated. Who can describe such a majestic desolation? How came such enormous masses to be shaken to their foundation? No human power, one would suppose, could have worked such ruin. Dread, indeed, must have been the scene and the hour of the downfall of Karnac; for column upon column, tower on tower, walls, roofs, and even foundations, broken up and cast down, lie on every side.

The 'abomination of desolation' sits upon Karnac. The wind has carried the drift of the desert round about it, but still the vast fabric remains. Mountains of sand could not conceal these vestiges of an earlier and mighty age. Wondrous must have been the power and genius of the people who raised them; and yet how signal is their doom! The Persians and Greeks may have defaced, the Mahometan may have mutilated the records of the past, but it must have been a mightier hand and a stronger arm which accomplished this destruction. It was not with the tramp of war-steeds, the noise of chariots, or the march of legions that the earth shook and the temples reeled; but it would seem that the judgment of Heaven descended upon the land, and left an awful lesson to future ages, to be read and pondered on among the silent halls of this greatest of earthly temples."

The decay of great nations may arise from various causes, as from misgovernment, from internal strife, from conquest, or from a failure of national virtue. But it is not possible thus to account for the changed aspect of the face of Egypt and Syria. Vast districts, which are now seas of shifting sand, must at one time have been the most fruitful plains in the world. It is impossible to reconcile what we know to have been the former state of Egypt, its unrivalled fertility, numerous cities, and immense population, to its present state, without supposing that some great physical change has taken place. The very ruins of mighty and populous cities of the ancient world are now wholly buried beneath accumulated sands, so that not a trace remains of them. How shall we account for this surprising change? Shall we attribute the decay of the East to the failing industry of man, or to the devastating encroachments of nature? Was it the advance of the sands which drove the husbandman from his fields, as the sea on some coasts now gains on the land, and extends its dominion at the expense of the cultivator of the soil; or was it the sloth and negligence of man, which, leaving the earth without care and without tillage, suffered it to run into the waste? Did cultivation wantonly abandon the fertile fields, or was it forcibly expelled from them by ravages of nature it could not withstand? Here, as it appears to us, an interesting field of investigation is open. We see vast and astonishing effects; may it not be worth while to inquire into their causes?

On entering the immense tract of sandy desert which stretches towards Suez, the author was struck with the utter desolation of the scene, and, recalling what was known of its former wealth and glories, was led to reflect on

THE CHANGED ASPECT OF SYRIA.

"In the morning we entered upon the vast plain which stretches away towards Suez on the left,

and is bounded on the right by the crags and precipices that overhang the Gulf of Akaba. After three hours' riding we arrived at the Hadji-road to Mecca from Suez, which leads down to the sea.

"Moving on a little, we came upon a magnificent prospect. Below us lay a defile almost perpendicular, down which, in a zigzag direction, our course lay. Far beneath us, the bright blue waters of the sea were shining in the sun; opposite were the torn and shattered peaks which overhang Akaba; and on our left, far as the eye could reach, stretched away the great Wady Araba, a wide sandy valley between these two ridges of mountains, covered here and there with shrubs and low brushwood, and rising by a gentle ascent till the eye could follow it no more. Down this bed, now covered with the sands of the desert, the Jordan formerly is supposed to have poured forth its glad waters into the bosom of the deep. At that time the riches of the East were conveyed along these plains to the Red sea. Large cities, now buried under the desert drifts, populous and flourishing, carried on their commerce and scattered their navies over the ocean. This great valley was the channel through which passed caravans of merchandise, the wealth of vast kingdoms. The mighty river, not as yet checked in its course, nor directly ministering to the Divine will, fertilized and enriched the shores. Now the sacred stream is confined to the 'land flowing with milk and honey;' the region is deserted and desolate; the very rocks look stricken with ruin. The cities are gone. Their sites even are unknown. Their names exist no more; and you search in vain for Elath and Ezion-Gebir among the sand-hills of the valley or the palm-groves of Akaba."

The author found his journey to Jerusalem attended with more inconvenience than danger. The Bedouin tribes contend with each other for the profits arising from the conveyance of travellers, and, sometimes, coming to blows, are careless of bloodshed. In one of these squabbles, connected with the transit of Lord Castlereagh and his party, the son of a sheikh was killed. His friends, pretending to be reconciled, ate bread with the sheikh of the opposite party, then enticed him to their tent, and cruelly murdered him. The feud made travelling unsafe; the escort of his lordship's party went armed, and in their passage of a defile he had an excellent view of

THE SPIRIT OF ARAB WARFARE.

"Before starting, the tribe formed a circle and said a prayer for success. Suddenly a man appeared on the heights and beckoned, as if to speak. Hussein despatched one of his people up the mountain, and these two met on the sky line. Whilst I was watching them Hussein came up to me, saying, 'Now let us strike the tents and move forwards.' This was before the conference on the hill had ended. The old chief was quite right in his decision, taking advantage of the hesitation of the enemy. The tribe all lent a hand, and in five minutes the tent was struck, the camels ranged, and our march begun. At this moment the sight was beautiful; the Arabs had their matches lighted; some carried small iron boxes with charcoal fire, in case of necessity; others brandished their swords or spears. The left-hand division of the pass commanded all the points of the other side, with two or three exceptions. The moment the first camel moved slowly on to the mouth of the defile, those of the tribe who were armed sprang

up the hill-side like greyhounds. In ten minutes they were scattered over the mountain face, from the highest crags to the bottom, covering our line of march, and, as they bounded along, looking warily down every gully of the rocks that might have concealed an enemy.

"Just as we entered the glen, the man who had been sent up the hill returned. He said he could not tell how many of the enemy there were, as he had not crossed the hill, but added, that the Arab he had met declared that we should not pass. Upon this our man laughed in his face, and left him declaring that pass we would and should, in spite of the whole Mezein tribe.

"We moved on slowly, the camels ascending the pass in single file. We placed ourselves in the van, and the rear was brought up by the servants, one of whom carried a blunt carving-knife, and another a huge pair of horse-pistols, with an empty powder-horn slung round his shoulders. We had all agreed not to fire unless attacked, and to let the rival tribes settle their own differences.

"We could hear the shouts long and loud of our own people as they bounded like deer along the crags, and fancied at times that their challenges were answered. But no enemy came; not a shot was fired; not a voice was raised in answer to their defiance; and after half an hour we wound down the descent, the van changing to the rear, and no sign of life could we distinguish but the figures of our own party on the topmost peaks.

"When all was over, or, at least, when the defile had passed, one could not but reflect that, with the hot blood and excitable nature of these wild people, a single shot fired might have cost many lives, and it would have been most painful to have been concerned in any such affray; so that we were doubly pleased—first, to have seen a good field-day, with all the effect of scenery and the adjuncts of caution, preparation, and the detail of mountain warfare; and secondly, to have nothing to regret in the shape of encounter or loss of life. Hussein gave a silent laugh when we passed the last rocks, and said little more all day; and everything relapsed into its usual routine, except that we had parties of scouts upon the crags before and behind us, keeping a look-out all day in case of surprise."

On another occasion they were less fortunate. In the collision of rival tribes no blood was shed, or injury offered to the travellers, but they were most unceremoniously treated as baggage in the

DISPUTE OF THE BEDOUINS FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF TRAVELLERS.

"At last there was an impetuous rush from the noisiest of the circles towards the spot where we stood, and a party of the new comers attempted to take the camels on which we rode. We resisted for a while, amid a torrent of expletives on all sides; the din was terrific, every one speaking at once, and excited to a pitch of frenzy that seemed ungovernable. All the Oulad Said's camels were unloaded, our baggage was taken up and scattered piecemeal over the camp, one fellow carrying a box, another a bed, a third a hamper, to their respective camels. The Oulad Said had yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and we were to submit.

"Meantime another attack was made on the dromedaries we rode, the new comers insisting on having the whole cargo, ourselves being as good loads, in their opinion, as anything else. Poor Mr. Fiske, in a struggle, was thrown from his drome-

dary, and had a very narrow escape, while the Bedouins were trying to make the beast kneel down, in order to change his burden; so matters grew worse and worse. At last, when the scramble was finished, and our baggage heaped on fresh camels, there being scarcely a rope or a thong to hold the packages among the spoilers, Hussein came and begged us to go on.

"We moved forward, accordingly, at a slow pace, surrounded by the mixed multitude—some who had come with us, and others who had joined us at the commencement of the affray. We were still mounted on our own camels and so were Hussein and Toualeb, but those of the servants had been changed in the first attack. We had not proceeded far before some shots were fired by the Bedouins on the hill before us, not, I believe, with intent to kill, but to produce an effect which certainly was immediate, for the Oulad Said camels, our late conveyance, who had been following the new comers at a small distance, moved off to the left of the road. Hussein joined them; there was another movement, and then an Arab seized the bridle of my dromedary, and brought him upon his knees; our friends, also, were at once dismounted. I must do the aggressors the justice to say that they used no violence, and it appeared as though they were excited to act as they had done from eagerness to have their camels loaded.

"In this last rush, while I was in the middle of the Arabs, calling to Hussein to come and recover my dromedary, one of the Bedouins put a belt and powder-horn round my neck. When Hussein returned with my dromedary, after a long discussion, in which I saw for the first time that both he and Toualeb had lost their presence of mind, I followed slowly the wild group that preceded us. So we rode on after this savage-looking escort, with high words and loud disputing. Afterwards came our baggage, hastily and roughly huddled together on the new camels, followed by a host of Bedouins, some without arms, others with long sticks only, the rest with knives and guns; every now and then, as they passed, scowling at us in a manner by no means prepossessing. However, we did not much care, except for our provisions and trunks, which had a very good chance of being carried across the desert, safe from either pasha or sultan."

On the banks of the Nile, near Cairo, Ibrahim Pasha has reclaimed some ground from the river, and with great labor formed

AN ENGLISH GARDEN IN THE SOIL OF EGYPT.

"Near this place, passing the Frank burial-ground and a Greek convent, we saw the exterior of Ibrahim Pasha's palace, which is extremely unattractive, and, having entered some extensive workshops in the vicinity, where he constructs his carts and implements of husbandry, we crossed the water to the Island of Rhoda. Here Ibrahim Pasha has reclaimed about fifty acres from the Nile, which are laid out as a garden, in the English style, by a Scotch gentleman. The air is literally loaded with the perfume of orange-trees; the weeping willow grows near the bamboo, and the Indian palm associates with English oak; on one side is the oleander and the pepper-plant, and near them a fine ash-tree, with a seat round its stem, covers the ground with foliage, and gives a delightful shade. But the verdure is not that of our own bright land; the walks are sandy, and the soil is like the banks of the river. Mr. Traill, the chief manager of the establishment, states that an incalculable sum of money has been

spent here during twelve years. The improvements have been under his direction, and he has planted every tree. The land, when he came, was laid out in patches of a few acres, producing scanty crops. The whole district is now watered by Persian wheels, and rills flow through every part. But the Nile pays them visits occasionally, and, when the river is in high flood, nothing escapes. Last year 25,000 trees were destroyed. They will not go to the expense of banking out the waters, but allow the evil to go on unchecked; and, when the Nile carries all away with it, they replace and restore as well as they can."

The appearance of Mehemet Ali has been often described. Easy of access to strangers, he appears pleased in their society, and converses with them on terms of equality. Our author was introduced to

MEHEMET ALI AT DINNER.

"The pasha was at dinner, with his back to the door, so that we could not see him, concealed as he was by the attendants, until we reached the table. It must here be stated that all our conversation was carried on through an interpreter, as the pasha speaks only Turkish. On seeing us, he said 'Welcome, I am glad to see you—sit down and eat.' We were placed to the right and left of his highness, and, as the silence of the meal lasted some time, I had leisure to observe him. Mehemet Ali gave me, from first to last, the idea of a sprightly, well-bred old man. It is nonsense to talk, as some have done, about his cold and stern eye, and his hollow, heartless laugh. His eye is fine and expressive: if he chose, he could appear to look through you—but his expression is soft, at least the one which apparently is habitual to him. He has dark eyebrows, not particularly shaggy, and his beard is celebrated for its silver whiteness, and the luxuriance of its growth. His hands are weather-beaten, but were formed for strength, and had no marked wrinkles, such as one would expect from his age, which is seventy-five. I could not correctly see his figure, which was completely concealed by the Eastern dress.

"On his head was a turboush, by no means new or smart, but his cap, worn under it, was of a clear and dazzling white, and his caftan (for he wears the long robe) was dove-color, lined with white fur; his under jacket crimson, striped with yellow. His trousers were very large, of the same color as the caftan, having very little embroidery; he wore no decoration; and his sash was a plain cachemire shawl, trimmed with a gold border. On a cushion on a divan which surrounded the room lay his sword, which was as plain as a soldier's; a white handkerchief and a pair of gloves completed his equipment. So much for his dress. Behind his chair, which I was told had been given to him by Sir Moses Montefiore—a common 'Dover,' with leather straps for arms, and two cushions—stood the attendants, wearing silver decorations. One held a wisp of palm leaves, to keep off the flies, and the other a snuff-box, which the viceroy employed a great deal during dinner, with particular grace, and with so much cleanliness as to allow no particle to fall upon his dress, beard, or moustache. The room was matted, and a smart divan extended round the whitewashed walls. In a corner stood a small table, at which wine was poured out and served. Towels with gold embroidery, and a small muslin handkerchief, were placed by the side of our plates, and then a multitude of dishes succeeded

each other, nicely served, and well cooked. The pasha is helped first by an attendant standing opposite to him, whose duty it is to carve every dish. Very little is placed on each plate, and the instant this is done the dish is removed, so that the guest has no chance of obtaining a second portion.

"In the middle of dinner a nargileh was brought to the pasha, of which he took two or three long draughts. He talked very little at the meal, and I found when he did it made him cough, for the orientals are habitually silent while eating. The style of attendance at table is entirely French. The officer who carves is a Frenchman, and the entertainment was like a Paris *déjeuner*, except in the profusion of dishes."

These agreeable volumes require no apology for publication. But it deserves mention, as illustrative of the good feeling of the author, that the profits of the work are to be devoted to the relief of Irish distress.

THE EMPRESS MARIA LOUISA.

BY C. E. JERNINGHAM, ESQ.

Of this Austrian archduchess, who, during the brief period of her union with the greatest warrior of modern times, occupied so distinguished and conspicuous a position among the crowned heads of Europe, it does not seem uninteresting to follow the fortunes into that sphere of comparatively private life to which by the fall of Napoleon she found herself on a sudden consigned. Perhaps the annals of human grandeur afford no more remarkable vicissitudes than are observable in the contrast between the imperial pomps which illustrated the nuptial festivities of Maria Louisa, and the accumulation of disasters under which she became bereft of all her lofty dignities. When for the first time she entered the palace of the Tuileries, three queens had held her bridal train; when for the last she quitted the beleaguered capital in which for a brief space of time she had reigned the consort of the world's mightiest potentate, it was as a despairing fugitive, reluctantly obeying the stern decrees of destiny! The approach of the allied armies, the utter inadequacy of means for the defence of the city, and the written instructions of Napoleon, had compelled Maria Louisa to withdraw herself from Paris with her son, the young King of Rome, the grand dignitaries and officers of state, and a few personal attendants. The departure took place on the 29th of April, 1814. When the moment for starting arrived, the little King of Rome manifested the most determined reluctance to go. It seemed as if some fatal presentiment had endowed him with the faculty of second sight. "N'allez pas à Rambouillet," he cried to his mother, "C'est un vilain chateau, restons ici." He struggled hard in the arms of M. de Canisy, the equerry who carried him, grasping the handles of doors and the banisters of the staircase, and exclaiming: "Je ne veux pas quitter ma maison, je ne veux pas m'en aller, puisque papa est absent, c'est moi qui suis le maître."

This obstinacy in a child so young produced painful surprise in the minds of the beholders, and appeared to them in the light of an ill-omened passage. The carriages moved slowly away, as if in expectation of some counter-order. Ten heavy barouches and a long train of luggage vans crowded the palace courtyard. Some eighty idlers were looking on with the same sort of sordid feeling that the sight of a funeral procession might inspire;

—they were assisting indeed at the obsequies of the empire. No outward manifestations of feeling betrayed their emotions, no single voice was upraised to express the bitterness of regret produced by so cruel a separation. Had it entered the minds of any to cut the traces of the carriages, the flight had been at once prevented, but too much listlessness prevailed, and the empress, with tears in her eyes and despair in her heart, bade an eternal adieu to the imperial city.

Having slept the first day at Rambouillet, she arrived the second at Chartres, and after a few days' stay here, in obedience to a letter from Napoleon, directed her course to Blois. From hence she entertained an almost daily correspondence with her husband, whom the force of circumstances had driven to Fontainebleau, and was devising the means of rejoining him, when the event of his abdication brought about a new crisis in her fate. The Count Schouwaloff, a Russian general, and high commissioner of the allied powers, arrived at Blois, with instructions to escort the empress and her son to Orleans. From that moment, the separation of Napoleon and Maria Louisa became irrevocable;—whether by the absolute decree of ruling and victorious powers, or by any subsequent reluctance on her own part to become involved in the ruined fortunes of Bonaparte, appears a dubious question. After some days' delay, in the course of which the abdication of her husband and his projected departure for the island of Elba had rapidly accelerated the march of events, Prince Paul Esterhazy and Prince Wenzel Lichtenstein arrived at Orleans, deputed by the Emperor of Austria to announce to her the arrangements which had been made relatively to her future destinies, and the cession in her favor of the duchies of Parma and Placenza. They were also the bearers of her father's pressing solicitation, that under their escort she would proceed to join him at Rambouillet. To this proposition Maria Louisa acceded, and set out upon the journey the same day. The imperial guard had escorted her as far as Angerville, a little town some ten leagues distant from Rambouillet, and were here relieved from their attendance by an escort of Russian soldiers. Upon reaching Rambouillet she found all the approaches to that royal residence guarded by foreign troops, and found herself compelled to await for a couple of days the advent of the Emperor of Austria. He arrived on the 16th of April, accompanied by Prince Metternich. Maria Louisa received him at the palace gates, with animated gestures presented her son to him, and in a sorrowful tone uttered a few words in German. The emperor embraced his grandson, but the young prince appeared insensible enough to that token of tenderness, eying the long, serious face of his grandfather with wistful curiosity and astonishment. "I am going to see the Emperor of Austria!" had been his frequent exclamation. "I have seen the Emperor of Austria, and he is not handsome," was the remark he now as frequently reiterated to his attendants.

During a long private conference which ensued between the Austrian emperor and his daughter, he behaved to her with great apparent affection, assuring her that to the events which had taken place in his unavoidable absence from Paris, he had not been a consenting party. Of his grandson he took very marked notice, and promised to bestow upon him paternal care and protection.

From this time, the empress and her child became the especial charge of Austria. The Rus-

sian guards that had attended her, were replaced by two battalions of Austrian infantry. During the period of her stay at Rambouillet, preparatory to her departure for Vienna, she led a life of great seeming affliction, frequently retiring to her chamber, hiding her face with both hands, and abandoning herself for hours together to all the bitterness of sorrow.

Maria Louisa was here condemned to receive the visits of the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, which, under existing circumstances, were to her unacceptable enough. Vainly she strove to conceal beneath the ordinary forms of courtesy the bitter feelings of anguish which the ill-timed intrusion of those potentates revived in her bosom. They desired to see the king of Rome, but the child, as if instinctively aware that he was only the object of indiscreet curiosity, turned away from his royal visitors with manifest distaste. In a letter from Fontainebleau, addressed to M. de Menneval, a private secretary of Napoleon's, whom he had subsequently attached to the personal service of Maria Louisa, the projected visit to her of the Russian and Prussian sovereigns had been thus alluded to.

"It is hardly conceivable that the Emperor of Austria should not feel the impropriety of permitting the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia to come to Rambouillet, particularly under the circumstances of the empress' indisposition. He will probably induce them to desist from such a project."

On the 22d of April, 1814, arrived at Rambouillet Major-General Count Kinski, and his adjutant, Count Desselbrunn, with three other staff-officers, commissioned to escort the empress on her journey to Vienna.

On the 25th, under her new title of Princess of Parma, accompanied by Mesdames de Montebello and Brignole, General Caffarelli, the Barons of St. Agnan de Bausset and de Menneval, Maria Louisa commenced her homeward pilgrimage. How must it have contrasted with her joyous entry into France but four years before! Then triumphal arches, brilliant illuminations, and welcoming multitudes had waylaid her at every stage of her progress; now the country she traversed was rendered desolate by the ravages of war, the population sullen under the ban of foreign invasion; and the Austrian troops, garrisoning the towns that lay on her route, in rendering her the usual honors, affectedly addressed them to her as the daughter of their sovereign, and not as the ex-empress of France. The young Prince of Parma was accompanied by his governess, Madame de Montesquieu, and that the journey might not fatigue the child, a day or two's occasional halt relieved its duration. From Basle Maria Louisa went to visit the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, and at Zurich she lingered with apparent pleasure, amidst the beautiful lake scenery of its neighborhood.

According to preconceived design, as soon as Maria Louisa entered the ancient dominions of her father, every manifestation of delight, by which a loyal people could testify their attachment to the daughter of their sovereign, was put in play to revive in her heart the love of her native country. Processions of gayly clad peasantry, the choral songs of the Tyrolese, and rustic festivals ushered her entrance into the Tyrol. At Inspruck the popular enthusiasm had reached its climax, and might be taken as a pretty clear earnest of the event which followed almost immediately after—

the restoration of the province to Austria after its temporary annexation to Bavaria.

The castle in which Maria Louisa took up her quarters at Inspruck was of enormous dimensions, and contained sixty-eight apartments. The grand entrance-hall, called the Giant's Gallery, a magnificently proportioned chamber, paved with marble, was hung with full-length portraits of the imperial house of Austria, amidst which that of Marie Antoinette especially attracted the attention of the ex-empress. In remembering what had been the fate of her aunt at the hands of the French people, Maria Louisa may have found some grounds for consolation in having at least fallen safe and sound from a position of dizzy and dangerous grandeur.

After two or three other further delays, the Princess of Parma arrived at the palace of Schoenbrunn, and by her mother and sisters the young arch-duchess was welcomed with every demonstration of delight and affection.

She adopted a very quiet and unostentatious mode of life, emancipating herself from the troublesome restraints of German etiquette. From Madame de Montebello she separated herself with great sorrow and reluctance, and the few French attendants that still tarried with her were by coldly ceremonious rather than positively uncivil treatment, admonished that their presence was not favorably regarded by Austrian eyes.

Maria Louisa's time at Schoenbrunn was passed in superintending the education of her son, in music, drawing, and the study of the Italian language; a proficiency which she would find requisite in the government of her new states. In the afternoon she rode on horseback, and surveyed with interest and pleasure the improvements and alterations carrying out in the imperial gardens and domains.

A letter from General Bertrand, bearing date the 28th of April, 1814, and addressed to M. de Menneval, who, as it has been heretofore observed, continued attached to the service of Maria Louisa, may here find place:

"Your letter reaches me just as we are on the point of embarking for the island of Elba. The wind is fair, and we hope to arrive in two days. Our journey has been sad enough, as you may well suppose. As we passed through France, the emperor received tokens of regret and respect, but in Provence we found ourselves exposed to insults, fortunately unaccompanied by any serious consequences.

"You may imagine that we were very desirous the empress should divide her residence between Parma and the isle of Elba. Such a decision would be of immense importance to the emperor and ourselves, we should be so delighted to behold her occasionally, and she was so kind to my wife and myself, that I more than any one else desire it. Be good enough to lay at her feet the expression of my respect and devotion. The emperor has been well in health, notwithstanding the trying position in which he has found himself placed for a month past. He has entrusted his answer to the empress' last letter to the aide-de-camp of General Schouwaloff, who is on his way to the Emperor of Austria. I send this letter by the courier, that you may be speedily informed that one from the emperor is on its road. You will be hardly able to read this, but I am so hurried, and my heart is so full, that I scarcely know what I am writing.

* * * * *

In July, 1814, the ex-empress undertook, with

the consent of her father, a journey to the baths of Aix in Savoy. She travelled under the name of Duchess of Colonne, and left her son at Schoenbrunn. During this summer excursion, she took great pleasure in exploring the romantic scenery of Chameun, and employed the Count de Menneval in writing a poetical relation of her rambles in search of the picturesque. During her stay at Aix, Maria Louisa for the second time beheld General Neipperg, who was destined thereafter to occupy so conspicuous a place in her household. Her first impressions of him were unfavorable. His personal advantages were indeed not very remarkable. He was forty-two years old, had lost the sight of one eye, and wore a black band over the wound which had caused that mischief; but this disfigurement was not altogether at variance with a decidedly military air and face. He had light hair, a lively glance of his remaining eye, features of ordinary mould, and a complexion tanned and impaired by the fatigues of war. His figure was good, and presented itself to advantage in his Hungarian uniform. He was a man of reserved and circumspect disposition, but his manners were polished and insinuating; he expressed himself and wrote with elegance, and was an accomplished musician. Quick at discovering the designs of others, he had the art of concealing his own beneath an appearance of amiable simplicity. Ambitious and vain, he contrived to win the reputation of exceeding modesty, by never speaking of himself. Numerous wounds had attested his courage in the battle-field. Such was the person whose fortune it eventually was to win the affections of the empress. At this epoch, however, she accorded him only the most formal audiences, for she had not yet been thoroughly weaned from her French predilections.

Extracts from letters written by Maria Louisa, during her stay in Savoy, to the Baron de Menneval, who had gone to visit his family in France, will furnish specimens of her epistolary style and matter.

"With regard to my future lot, I am still in a state of cruel uncertainty. I wrote to my father by M. de Karaczai, to ask his authority for my establishing myself at Parma by the 10th of September at latest. Will he grant it to me? I fear not. If my misgivings should prove groundless, I will let you know immediately. If the emperor's answer be in the negative, I cannot make up my mind to return to Vienna before the departure of the sovereigns, and I shall try at once to gain possession of my son. I will settle myself at Geneva or Parma, pending the congress, for I cannot prolong my stay here beyond the bathing season. I cannot express how impatiently I await your answer, and I entreat you to aid my determinations by your counsels. Do not be afraid of telling me the truth.

"I have just received a letter from the emperor at the isle of Elba, dated the 4th of July. He wishes me not to go to Aix, but to visit the waters in Tuscany. I will write about it to my father. You know how desirous I am to comply with the emperor's wishes, but can I do so in opposition to those of my father? I send you a letter from Porto Ferrajo; I have been much tempted to open it, but hope you will send me any details which it will contain. I thank you for those you have already sent me; I needed them much, for I had been without news for a long time. I am altogether in a very unfortunate and critical position, requiring the

utmost prudence on my part. My head is at times so bewildered, that I fancy my best course would be to die. * * *

"My health is pretty good. I have taken my tenth bath. The waters would benefit me if my mind was more at ease, but I cannot rest content under circumstances of so much uncertainty. I rejoice in the notion of your speedy return, for my poor head sadly needs some of your calm reasonings. * * *

"My son is perfectly well, and from what I hear grows every day more attractive. I long to behold that poor child again!

"I have not yet received any answer to my last letter from my father. It is a long and painful state of suspense. I have sinister forebodings, but this is one of my black days, and perhaps I am mistaken. How can I be gay on the 15th, condemned to pass the solemn festival away from the two beings dearest to me! I beg pardon for intruding my gloomy thoughts upon you, but the interest and friendship you have always evinced in my regard embolden me to do so, upon condition however, that you will tell me when I trouble you.

"Believe in my very sincere friendship,

"Signed, LOUISE."

"I send you the copy of a letter from Prince Metternich, which will impart to you the news brought me by M. de Karaczai. I am very miserable at the idea of being compelled to return to Vienna, particularly as they give no good reasons for my doing so. I do not intend to arrive there till the end of September or the beginning of October, and shall stop on the way a week at Geneva and a fortnight at Berne. If you are willing to share my exile, however painful I know the sacrifice must be for you, I am too selfish not to wish for it. I need your good advice and friendly conversation. You know the confidence which I repose in you, and one of the projects in which I take the most pleasure, is to retain you near me."

"15th August, 1814.

"I have received your letter of the 12th of this month, and I am glad to find that my communications at times reach you. You will doubtless have got the one in which I told you of the unsatisfactory answer I had received from my father. I am deeply moved by your expressed determination to follow my fortunes. I am greatly in want of your good counsels, and shall now stand in greater need of them than ever. I hope, therefore, very soon to see you. * * *

"I sent a letter to my father, and to Prince Metternich also. I made some fine speeches to the latter upon the confidence I reposed in him, and especially dwelt on the satisfaction I derived from the promises made me of being permitted to proceed to Parma. * * *

"I have received news from the emperor, dated the 6th of August. He speaks highly of you, and requests me not to lend faith to what may be told me to his discredit. He was well in health, happy and peaceable, and thinking much of me and his son.

"Your very affectionate

"LOUISE."

M. de Menneval rejoined the ex-empress at Secherons, near Geneva, and formed part of her suite upon her homeward progress to Vienna, a journey which, as may be collected from the fore-

going extracts, she had reluctantly undertaken at the express command of the Emperor of Austria. General Neipperg had been especially commissioned to escort her upon this occasion.

At Berne Maria Louisa received a visit from the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, which M. de Menneval thus described :

"The princess appeared to be about five-and-forty. She was short and fat. She had very marked features, and eyes which seemed to betray some of her adventures. Four officers and one maid of honor constituted her suite. I was very curious to behold a princess, whose name had become historical, from the scandalous publicity attached to it by the English. The evening passed with great hilarity. Music was proposed, and General Neipperg presided at the piano. The princess, upon being asked by the empress to sing, consented, upon condition that it should be a duet. The empress would have declined, alleging that she could not sing a note in company, but the princess encouraged her, declaring that for her part she had never any fear but for her friends. She sang, and I will say nothing more of her voice, than that its exhibition afforded a proof of the princess' personal courage. She expressed her intention to pay the emperor a visit at Elba. She was travelling with a boy of twelve years old, whom, however, she had not taken with her to the empress'. This was the well-known Austin, whose name has been so notoriously mixed up with the alleged memoirs of her personal history. She told us that she did not know the father of the child, but that she loved it as well as if it had been her own. The princess was dressed in a flowing robe of white muslin, trimmed with lace. A large veil, resembling that of a priestess in a Greek tragedy, fell from her head, completely over her shoulders, and this veil was fastened on her brow by a diadem of brilliants. She wore round her neck a magnificent necklace of many rows of pearls, and was accustomed, it seems, to travel thus equipped. Withal, notwithstanding her style of dress and appearance, which certainly laid her open to ridicule, the Princess of Wales seemed an excellent woman; simple and frank in her manners, and placing everybody at their ease. Her maid-of-honor was as strangely accoutred as her mistress. The gentlemen in attendance were, a son of Lady Craven, who subsequently married the Margrave of Anspach, two young officers of the Prince of Wales' regiment, and Dr. Holland, who had the reputation of being a good physician."

Upon their further progress, General Neipperg, who had been especially instructed to recall Maria Louisa's thoughts to associations of home, induced her to pay a visit to the ruins of the castle of Rodolph of Hapsburg, the founder of the Austrian dynasty. Here he discovered an iron fragment of a lance, which he pretended to identify as having appertained to the redoubted Rodolph. Maria Louisa adopted the notion, had rings made of the rusty metal, and distributed them to General Neipperg, Count de Menneval, and others, as the insignia of an order of knighthood playfully founded by herself in recollection of her Austrian tour.

Upon arriving at Schoenbrunn, she was greeted with much tenderness by her child. The emperor and empress welcomed her back with great affection, and General Neipperg was named chamberlain to their majesties, in reward for the manner in which he had executed his mission.

The allied sovereigns were at this time assem-

bled in Vienna, partaking of the emperor's hospitality. A succession of magnificent fêtes relieved or took the place of the more important duties of political deliberations, the purpose of which had brought them together. Maria Louisa kept aloof from all these festivities, but had the curiosity to witness incognito a splendid ball given at Schoenbrunn, from an attic window overlooking the grand ball-room of the palace. But four years before, in that very saloon, she had assisted at an equally brilliant entertainment, given in honor of her marriage! The reflections which the contrast of the past and the present thus brought to her mind, must have been anything but cheering!

The young Napoleon was not very affectionately noticed by the Austrian imperial family, and the empress and archdukes were in the habit of discussing the propriety of making him a bishop, on which occasions they were often silenced by the emperor.

General Neipperg, whose various functions placed him in close affinity with the empress, gradually created for himself an interest in her estimation, by the energy with which he strove to secure for her the free and independent enjoyment of the sovereignty which had been guaranteed to her by treaties. Every day he came from Vienna to Schoenbrunn, and devoted all the faculties of his mind to the accomplishment of the mission which had been entrusted to him—that of inducing Maria Louisa to forget France and Napoleon.

The empress had written to her husband from Aix, since which time she had been interdicted the means of further correspondence. A short time after her return to Schoenbrunn, the Baron de Menneval pressed her to enclose a letter for the emperor with other despatches that he was about to send to Elba. She replied, that in the course of a long interview with Prince Metternich, that minister had exacted from her a promise never to carry on any correspondence with Napoleon without her father's consent, and to this cruel necessity she felt herself bound to submit.

Whether this preference of filial to conjugal duty ought to elevate or lower the character of Maria Louisa in general estimation, is a nice question. Napoleon, upon learning that his letters were subjected to the surveillance of the Emperor of Austria, before they reached his wife's hands, discontinued writing altogether.

Of the Emperor Alexander's occasional visits to Schoenbrunn during the protracted sittings of the Congress of Vienna, it is related that on such occasions he arrived without being announced, and unceremoniously sat down to breakfast with the empress. In speaking of his then recent visit to England, he expressed himself with some acrimony, having, it appears, been extremely shocked at the English custom of remaining at the dinner table after the return of the ladies to the drawing-room. Alexander courted popularity at Vienna. When he walked abroad, he saluted all the officers he met, frequently grasping their hands, and uttering some words of friendly greeting. He commonly wore plain clothes, and would not allow military honors to be shown him. Upon observing soldiers, unaware of his wishes, preparing to present arms, he would beckon to them to desist and pay no attention to him. Alexander loved Eugene Beauharnais, the late Viceroy of Italy and step-son of Napoleon. He pleaded hard at the congress to obtain for him a French principality, evincing thereby no particular enthusiasm for the security of the restored Bour-

bon dynasty, of whom indeed he is known to have observed, "They are once more on the throne—let them keep there; if they fall again, I shall not lift them up."

In February, 1815, it was announced to Maria Louisa by General Neipperg, who had ascertained the decision to that effect from Prince Metternich's lips, that one of the questions which interfered with her induction to the sovereignties allotted to her, was the impossibility of permitting her son to accompany her to Italy. To the condition, however, of leaving him at Vienna—a hard one for a mother's feelings—Maria Louisa eventually acceded, and through Neipperg's strenuous exertions on her behalf, eventually substantiated her claims to the duchy of Parma.

The proceedings of the Congress of Vienna were drawing to a close, and the arrival there of the Duke of Wellington had given a fresh impetus to the festivities by which they had been marked, when, like the sudden explosion of a bomb, the news arrived that Napoleon had quitted Elba.

The ex-empress was out riding with General Neipperg when the news arrived at Schoenbrunn. She took no especial notice of it the first day, but on the ensuing one, spoke of it with much seeming interest and emotion, expressed great anxiety on the score of the dangers to which the emperor was exposed, doubts as to the success of his attempt, and some apprehensions as to the prejudicial effect his enterprise might have upon her own affairs with respect to Parma, and the future prospects of her son.

Great doubts prevailed as to the design and destination of Napoleon. It was most currently believed that he would have landed at Naples, and joining himself to Joachim Murat, attempted in the first instance the reconquest of Italy. His invasion of France seemed too wildly chimerical a scheme to be even dreamt of.

Amidst the thousand conflicting rumors to which Bonaparte's adventurous expedition gave rise, Maria Louisa lost all self-composure. At one moment she protested that nothing could induce her to return to France, for that she saw no prospect of peace for that country; at another, she expressed her belief that if the emperor would renounce his projects of universal conquest, and be content to reign in peace, his return to France might be successfully accomplished; in which case, she should herself have no objection to return thither, for she had always had a fancy for the French!

The Countess de Brignole, one of the French ladies who had followed the fortunes of Maria Louisa, fell at this time dangerously ill, and in the presence of her mistress and suite received the last rites of the church. From the dying chamber of her attendant, the ex-empress was heard to issue somewhat peremptory instructions to General Neipperg to go and finish his letter. The object of the missive thus referred to, was a positive disclaimer addressed to Prince Metternich, on the part of Maria Louisa, of any foreknowledge of, or participation in, the designs of her husband!

The feelings, indeed, of Maria Louisa at this juncture, appear to have partaken of mingled hope, dread, and doubt. She was heard to say, as if involuntarily thinking, aloud, "If I could only be assured that the blame would not be imputed to me for not having gone to the isle of Elba"—and then, after a pause, as if in conclusion of a train of inward thought—"but I am surrounded by persons who cannot fail to have inculpated me."

Upon being remonstrated with by M. de Menneval, on the declaration she had been induced to sign a few days previously, at the instigation of Prince Metternich, Maria Louisa replied, that she "regretted the necessity that had driven her to do so, but that she was not mistress of her actions; that she had promised to submit herself entirely to her father's counsels; that she could not, without violating her oath and filial duty to a parent, now become her child's sole guardian, oppose herself to his wishes; that Austrian princesses were only instruments in the hands of the chief of their house; that she had been brought up in principles of absolute submission to authority; that she must either bend to the yoke imposed upon her, or place herself in open rebellion against her family; that she was born under a malignant star, and was destined never to be happy."

On the 20th of March, 1815, the day upon which Napoleon retook possession of the Tuileries, from which Louis XVIII. had decamped with such unceremonious haste, the grand chamberlain of the emperor of Austria was commissioned to inform Madame de Montesquieu, that her services as governess to the young prince were thenceforth to cease. He had been removed from Schoenbrunn to the imperial palace of Vienna, the better to counteract certain partly detected schemes which had been organized by secret agents of Napoleon for carrying him off.

Maria Louisa addressed an affectionate farewell letter to Madame de Montesquieu, upon that lady's compulsory separation from her infant pupil, and enclosed a lock of her hair.

At the religious solemnities of holy week, solemnized that year at Vienna with peculiar pomp and solemnity, the ex-empress assisted with extreme assiduity, declaring that in exercises of devotion alone she found some diversion to her thoughts, and solace to her sorrows.

Of the frame of mind to which, however, she had very shortly after arrived, the following extract of a letter from the Count de Menneval to Caulaincourt, Duc de Vicence, bearing date the 7th of April, 1815, will furnish some idea:—

"Sunday last, being alone at dinner with the empress, her majesty informed me, that by an act of congress, just signed, the possession of Parma was guaranteed to her, though, for the present, Austria would continue to direct its government, securing to her a monthly payment of a hundred thousand francs; that she had not been able to secure for her son the hereditary succession to her Italian states, but that he was to enjoy the fiefs of the Archduke Ferdinand of Tuscany, amounting to six hundred thousand francs' revenue, and that she had formed an irrevocable determination never again to rejoin the emperor. Upon being pressed by me to explain the motives of such a resolution, she acknowledged that not having shared his disgrace, she could not consent to partake of a prosperity, which she had done nothing to promote. She added, that she had not written upon the subject to any one; that she deferred communicating her intentions to the emperor, until she could do so by letter, uninterruptedly, and that, however painful the sacrifice, she was prepared to accomplish it."

The ex-empress was one day much nettled at overhearing the following remark, from one of two persons, who were conversing together in French:

"The lady is much to blame to be playing the spy here upon her father; she would do far better

were she to return to France and live with her husband."

On the 16th of April, religious processions and solemnities were organized for the success of the war. All the Austrian court assisted at them in grand ceremony, but notwithstanding the earnest representations of the empress mother, Maria Louisa could not be induced to do so. If, however, she obstinately declined on the one hand to join in prayers offered for her husband's discomfiture, she adhered with the utmost pertinacity to her avowed determination not to return to France.

The hasty and inconsiderate attempt of Murat to drive the Austrians from Italy, having been quickly and completely crushed, the thoughts of Maria Louisa became wholly engrossed by the prospects of entering upon the sovereignty of Parma. She entered into all the minutiae of her projected government, planned summer excursions to Florence, Genoa, Rome, England, and Naples, and with a mind apparently quite freed from all further anxiety on the score of Napoleon's mighty, and still undecided enterprise, indulged, with all the self-satisfaction of a proprietor just come into possession of a good estate, in dreams of future comfort and prosperity.

The Baron de Menneval took leave of the empress on the 6th of May, 1815, previously to his return to France. She appeared much affected on the occasion; said that she was well aware every tie between herself and France must thenceforth be severed; but that she should always retain a kindly remembrance of the land of her adoption. She charged de Menneval to assure the emperor of her warmest good wishes, and expressed her hope that he would comprehend all the difficulties of her position. She several times protested that she would never lend herself to any measures for obtaining a divorce, but hoped that Napoleon would consent without difficulty to an amicable separation, which circumstances had rendered indispensable, and which would never interfere with her feelings of esteem and gratitude in his regard. Maria Louisa remained another year in Austria after the battle of Waterloo, before she was allowed to go and take possession of her new dominions. General Neipperg had returned from his Italian campaign, with additional claim to the gratitude of the imperial family, and had resumed his post in the household of the ex-empress. He attended her to Italy, and upon the occasion of her solemn entry into Parma, appeared at her right hand, occupying the post of honor and authority.

For many years Maria Louisa justified the hopes of her Italian subjects, by the mildness and moderation of her sway, and the able administration of General Neipperg introduced content and prosperity among states, which the ravages of war had rendered the scene of wretchedness and disorder. Separated by jealous motives of state policy from her only child, she sought in a private marriage, contracted with General Neipperg after the decease of Napoleon, some consolation for the severance of former ties. Perhaps the untimely fate of the Duke of Reichstadt may have awakened in her mind some remorse for having consented, for the sake of ruling a petty state, to have resigned the care of an only son, by such a father, into the hands of those to whom his existence was a perpetual word of suspicion.

General Neipperg died in 1828. Maria Louisa bore him three children; the eldest of whom is a daughter, married to the son of Count San Vitale,

grand chamberlain of Parma. A son, the Count de Montenuovo; is an officer in the Austrian army; and a second daughter died in her infancy.

The revolutionary movement in Italy, in 1831, compelled the Grand Duchess of Parma to take flight and invoke the assistance of the Austrians against her own subjects. She returned, escorted by their troops, and has lent her name to all the harassing vexations which the cabinet of Vienna thought it expedient to enforce against her rebellious states. She has lost the popularity she had once attained, more from weakness of purpose, than want of natural kindness of disposition; and Parma, under her nominal rule, is a mere Austrian dependency.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

WE announce with deep pain the death of Joseph C. Neal, Esq., the editor of Neal's Saturday Gazette. He was seized with sudden illness at his residence in this city on Saturday morning (17 July) about three o'clock, and lingered until four o'clock in the afternoon, when he died. The disease was congestion of the brain.

Mr. Neal was a writer of high reputation; and, while he was admired for his genius, he was esteemed, beloved, and respected for his noble qualities as a man.

He was born at Greenland, N. H., February 3d, 1807. His father was for many years the principal of a leading seminary, and afterwards a minister of a Congregational church. He died when Joseph, his only son, was but two years old. The subject of our notice resided for several years in Pottsville, but in 1831 he came to Philadelphia, took up his abode here, and lived in our city ever since. He was connected with the *Pennsylvanian* as editor when that paper first started as a weekly, and also for a long period after it became a daily. Indeed, to his ability, courtesy, and honorable mode of discussion much of the high reputation which that journal deservedly enjoys should be attributed. In 1841 the health of Mr. Neal began to fail, and he travelled in Europe and Africa in the hope of improvement. On his return, he resumed his position as the editor of the *Pennsylvanian*. In 1844 he retired from that establishment, and, in connection with two friends of liberality and enterprise, he commenced Neal's Saturday Gazette, in the editorial chair of which he continued with honor to himself and success to the establishment until the time of his decease.

Mr. Neal was remarkable as well for his quiet humor as for his caustic satire, and many of his productions have for years enjoyed an enviable popularity. In 1837 he published the first volume of his *Charcoal Sketches*, and in 1844 his second. Both were eminently successful. We knew him intimately, and we esteemed, appreciated, and loved him. It is probable that he has not left an enemy behind, for he was all gentleness, truth, and honor.

ONE of the evils to be apprehended from the late expedition is, that the Chinese government will lose confidence in the English. The Chinese now think that England has designs of great encroachment, and that she intends to take possession of Canton and other ports of China, as she has done in India. —*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

It would indeed be a pity if the Chinese should lose confidence in the English. In such a melancholy event, would it not be proper for the United States to offer their mediation! —*Boston Post.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DOG OF ALCIBIADES.

In Plutarch's Life of Alcibiades the following passage occurs:—

"Alcibiades had a dog of an uncommon size and beauty, which cost him seventy *mina*, and yet his tail, which was his principal ornament, he caused to be cut off. Some of his acquaintance found great fault with his acting so strangely, and told him that all Athens rang with the story of his foolish treatment of the dog; at which he laughed, and said, 'This is the very thing I wanted; for I would have the Athenians talk of this, lest they should find something worse to say of me.'"

This anecdote, more popularly known in France than in England, has there been the origin of a proverbial metaphor. When a minor vice, folly, or eccentricity is assumed as a cloak for a greater one, with a view to throw dust in the eyes of an inquisitive public, and to veil from its curiosity real motives, intentions, and inclinations, the pretext paraded is called the Dog of Alcibiades. The true application of the term may be better illustrated than exactly defined, and the former course has been adopted in a French book of no distant date, entitled *Le Chien d'Alcibiade*. A single volume—the only one its author has produced—its wit, elegance of style, and general good taste, would do credit to the most experienced novelist; whilst the warm reception it met from the Parisian public, ought, one would imagine, to have encouraged a repetition of the attempt. On its title-page was found the assumed name of Major Fridolin, the same under which a noted Parisian *turfite* enters his horses for the races at Chantilly and the Champ de Mars. The gentleman-rider (*vide* the Anglo-Gallic vocabulary patronized by the Paris *jockey-clubb*) who owns the fantastical pseudonyme, is more esteemed for wealth than wit, better known as a judge of horse-flesh, than as a cultivator of literature, and generally held more likely to achieve renown by the strength of his racers' legs than of his own head. So that when an ably written novel appeared under his *nom-de-guerre*, people asked one another if he were possibly its author, and had previously kept his candle under a bushel, only to dazzle the more when the shade was withdrawn. There could be no doubt that the book was from the pen of a man of talent and refinement, accustomed to good society, and seizing with peculiar felicity its phases and foibles. The characters were so true to life, that it was impossible for those moving in the circles portrayed to avoid recognizing the originals, not as individuals but as types of classes. The gay world of Paris was painted with a sharp and delicate pencil, without exaggeration or grotesque coloring. Some similarity might be traced to the manner of Charles de Bernard, but in one respect the new author had the advantage. His wit was as sparkling, his tone quite as gentlemanly and agreeable, but he eschewed the caricature into which De Bernard's *verve* not unfrequently seduces him. The name of the new aspirant for literary fame soon oozed out, and to Monsieur Valbezene was decreed the honor of having produced one of the most attractive novels of the day. It at once gave him a reputation for ability, and is even said to have conducted to his shortly afterwards receiving a government appointment. It brought him under the notice of the bestowers of loaves and fishes, as a man whose *finesse d'esprit* and knowledge of the world might be ren-

dered serviceable to the state. M. Valbezene is now consul of France at the Cape of Good Hope. It is to be desired that he may there find leisure to cultivate his literary talents, and add others to the favorable specimen of them he has already given. In Paris we should have had less expectation of his so doing, for his book denotes him, if a writer may be judged by his writings, to be a man of ease and pleasure, more disposed and likely to sink into *far niente* and form the chief ornament of a brilliant circle, than to seclude himself in a study, and apply seriously to literature.

The opening scene of M. Valbezene's book is a brilliant ball-room in the Faubourg St. Honoré. At a whist-table sits the Count de Marsanne—a man of forty years of age, at most; of robust health and handsome person. His figure is stout without being corpulent; his ruddy countenance, tanned by exposure to the weather, is not without distinction and grace; his blue eyes are remarkably fine and intelligent; he wears his beard, and his thick strong hair is cropped short. His dress denotes the gentleman. His linen is exquisitely white, and the cut of his coat can only be attributed to the skilful hand of Blin or Chevreuil. The count, who served previously to the July revolution in the hussars of the guard, and who, since leaving the service, has sought in field-sports the peril, excitement, and activity essential to his ardent and impetuous character, drives his dowager partner to despair by his blunders at whist. He pays less attention to the game than to the facetious whispers of his cousin, De Kersent—a young man of five-and-twenty, short, fat, always happy and good-humored, an eager sportsman, and much more at his ease at a bat-tue than a ball. The rubber over, the count leaves the heated card-room, to seek cooler air in an outer apartment. M. Valbezene shall speak for himself.

"Whilst posted at the entrance door, Marsanne was accosted by a young man of about eight-and-twenty, of elegant figure and most agreeable countenance. The exquisitely polished tone of this new personage, the tasteful simplicity of his costume, indicated a man of the best society, to whom the epithet of *lion* might with propriety have been applied, were it not that, in these days of promiscuous lionism, the word has lost its primitive acceptance.

"'Well! my dear Vassigny,' said Marsanne, breathing with difficulty, 'did you ever experience such a temperature? For my part, I was never so hot in my life, not even in Africa, when our soldiers blew out their brains to escape the scorching sun. Refreshments, too, are scarce at the whist-table; we did not see even a glass of water. Consequently, my friend, I was so inattentive to the game, that, through my fault, my very heinous fault, we lost the rub. The Baroness de Pibrac, my unlucky partner, was tragically indignant. Ah! she will not forgive me in a hurry! If Heaven has any regard for her maledictions, I shall pay dearly for the fourteen francs I made her lose.'

"'Madame de Marsanne is here!' inquired the young man.

"'Of course. You know me well enough to be sure I should not remain from choice in such a furnace. I am no great lover of balls, but this is the last of the season; so, one hour's patience, and a year's holiday is before me. Remember, we meet to-morrow morning at seven, sharp. Kersent accompanies us to Rambouillet. At last, then, I shall revisit my horses, my dogs, my forests; I shall have air—motion. * * * Tonton, tontaine, tonton!'

• • • hummed the sportsman, whose face beamed with joy at thoughts of the chase.

"Certainly, I shall be exact. • • But as you have been here some time, you will perhaps be so good as to show me Mr. Robinson, the master of the house. None of my friends have been able to point him out, and I am rather curious to make my bow to him."

"*Ma foi!* my dear fellow," replied Marsanne, "your question is not easy to answer. I am inclined to think it is that crooked little gentleman in black—unless, indeed, it be yonder portly handsome man in the blue coat. Upon reflection, I vote for the latter. His wholesome corpulence tells of the substantial and judicious nourishment of the Anglo-Americans. In fact, I am as ignorant as yourself. On arriving, we were met at this door by the Marchioness de Presle, who, as you know, sent out the invitations for Mr. Robinson; and as soon as we had paid our respects to the marchioness, Madame de Marsanne dragged me forward to the third saloon, so that I know no more of our amphitryon than you do. But here is little Movillez. He will settle our doubts."

"The new personage whose coming Marsanne announced, owed to his age alone the epithet applied to him, for he was above the ordinary height. He was apparently about one-and-twenty: his insignificant countenance, which in character bore some resemblance to that of a sheep, expressed perfect self-satisfaction. An embroidered shirt, and a white satin waistcoat, spangled with gold, might have made him suspected of a great leaning to the frivolities of dress, had not a white flower in his buttonhole revealed serious political predilections, and an unchangeable attachment to the fallen house of Bourbon."

"Movillez," said Marsanne, "show Vassigny the master of the house; he wishes to make his bow to him."

"For what?" inquired the youth, with adorable impudence.

"For the sake of good breeding," replied Vassigny, dryly.

"Nonsense!" cried Movillez, "you surely do not dream of such a thing. If you knew Mr. Robinson he would how to you in the street, and that would be very disagreeable."

"There is pleasure in giving you parties; you are not even grateful for your entertainment."

"Perfectly true; and what is more, I consider Mr. Robinson under an obligation to me. Persons of his sort are too happy to get people like us to go to their routs and help them to devour their dollars. But we do not on that account become one of them; that, *parbleu!* would never do. Thank Heaven! even in these days of equality we have not come to that. An unknown individual arrives at Paris, having made his fortune in India, Peru, or Chili, in the slave-trade, in cotton, or in tallow. All well and good; I have nothing to do with it. I go to his balls, I eat his suppers; but I do not know him the more for that."

"You have your theory, I have mine," replied Vassigny; "each of us thinks his own the best, I suppose."

"Come, come, confess candidly that you wish to do the eccentric," said Movillez. "Well for your government, that little gentleman in the black coat, leaning against the chimney-piece, is the Robinson. He is very ugly. I am heartily sorry the Marchioness de Presle did not suggest to him to adopt the costume of his patron saint. The pointed hat

and palm-leaf inexpressibles would become him admirably. As to the ball, it is tolerably brilliant: there is a good deal of faubourg St. Germain and faubourg St. Honoré. *Dame!* there are other sorts too—a little finance, some beauties from the citizen-court, a few prudes from the Bal Rambuteau. The company is mixed, certainly, but still it is astonishing that this exotic has been able to collect so many people of fashion. You know the report about *il Signor Robinson*, that he was ten years in prison at Philadelphia? Yes, he is an interesting victim of human injustice; I am assured he reasons most eloquently on the penitentiary system."

"These silly and slanderous jokes seemed anything but agreeable to the two persons to whom they were addressed."

"Is your father's counting-house still in the Rue Lepelletier?" said Vassigny, with freezing *sang froid*. "I want some bills on London, and shall give him my custom in preference to any other banker."

"These words brought a vivid flush to the cheek of the young dandy; he replied only by an affirmative sign, left the two friends, and entered the dancing-room."

"Do you know, Gaston," said Marsanne, "little Movillez was anything but well pleased by your promising his father your custom?"

"I both know and am delighted at it. The little puppy forgot, when he sneered at the beauties of the citizen-court, that my sister belongs to the household of the Duchess of • • • • I was very glad to remind him that his father is neither more nor less than a banker, and that it takes something more than a white rose in the button-hole to make a Montmorency or a Biron. But I must leave you."

"So saying, Vassigny pressed his friend's hand, addressed a few polite words to the master of the house, who seemed touched and surprised at this unusual piece of courtesy, and passed into the adjoining saloon. The ball was at the gayest; the elegant costumes had lost nothing of their freshness, the faces of the women, animated by pleasure, as yet showed no traces of fatigue. The orchestra, conducted by Tolbecque, was remarkable for its spirit and harmony. Everything in this charming fête was calculated to excite the indignation of those narrow-minded reformers who cannot understand that the luxury of the rich gives bread to the poor. Vassigny sauntered for some time through the crowd, shaking hands with friends and bowing to ladies; but it was easy to judge, from his irregular movements and wandering glances, that he had not undertaken this peregrination without an object. At last he reached the door of a little boudoir—a delightful and mysterious asylum, hung with silk and perfumed with flowers. A chosen few had taken refuge in this sanctuary, where the murmur of the ball and the crash of the orchestra arrived faint and subdued. Here Vassigny seemed to have attained the goal he had proposed himself, as his eyes rested upon a lady gracefully sunk in an arm-chair, and chatting familiarly with M. de Kersent. It were necessary to borrow the swan-quill of Dorat, of gallant memory, faithfully to trace a portrait of this young woman, then in the flower of her age and beauty. Priding ourselves, unfortunately, on being of our century, and consequently very ungallant, we shall merely say, that it is impossible to imagine a sweeter or more charming countenance; without having the regularity of a classic model, the features were replete with fascination. Her eyelids, fringed

with long curved lashes, protected eyes whose liquid and languishing expression was exchanged at intervals for bright and brilliant glances, indicative of a passionate and powerful organization. The arch of her eyebrows was accurately and delicately penciled; so affable was her smile, so white and regular her teeth, that one dared not call her mouth large, or tax it with extending—according to Bussy Rabutin's expression—from ear to ear. Her neck and shoulders, perfectly moulded, and of dazzling whiteness, would have enchanted a sculptor. Her dress, extremely plain, was of white lace; a wreath of fresh-gathered corn-flowers decked her head—the humble field-blossom seeming proud of its place in the midst of a magnificent forest of golden hair, worthy to support a diadem. A bunch of the same flowers in her hand, completed a costume whose simplicity was equalled by its elegance."

Thus, at setting off, M. Valbeze sketches the five principal actors in his domestic drama; and we have little further to read before discovering their virtues and vices, and the relation in which they stand to each other. The Count de Marsanne is a man of strict honor, and warm heart; generous instincts, and much delicacy of feeling. Sincerely attached to his wife, he has, nevertheless, from a very early period of their wedded life, greatly neglected her, leaving her to pine in solitude, whilst he indulged his violent passion for field-sports. The affection Amélie de Marsanne originally felt for her husband has yielded to the neglect of years, and been replaced by a violent passion for Vassigny, which he ardently reciprocates. So guarded, however, has been their conduct, that none suspect the intrigue. Marsanne has perfect confidence in his wife's virtue; and the gay, good-humored Kersent, who is warmly attached to his beautiful cousin, and on terms of great intimacy with Vassigny, has not the remotest idea of the good understanding between the two persons he best loves. Movillez, an admirable specimen of the pretensions young Frenchman just escaped from college, and aping the vices and follies of more mature Parisian *roués*, affords many comic scenes, which agreeably relieve the grave and thrilling interest of the book. He also, unknown to himself, plays an important part in the plot, and by his indiscretion is the cause of a world of unhappiness to the four persons already described. Francine, a fifth-rate actress at a Paris theatre, vulgar, profligate, and mercenary; and Major d'Havrecourt, a good-hearted old officer, punctilious on the point of honor, and fancying himself a man of most pacific dispositions, whilst in reality he is ever ready for a duel—complete the *dramatis personæ*. Although d'Havrecourt has attained the ripe age of fifty, he still knows how to sympathize with youth, to understand its tastes and excuse its follies; and Movillez is one of the hopefuls whom he not unfrequently favors with his society and benefits by his advice.

The day after the ball, Marsanne's hunting-party takes place. A wild-boar is killed, and poor Movillez, who has joined the chase in hopes of distinguishing himself before the eyes of a fair English amazon, meets with numerous disasters, principally occasioned by his bad horsemanship, but which his indomitable conceit prevents his taking much to heart. A week later we find him dining at the Café de Paris, in company with d'Havrecourt, and listening to sundry narratives of remarkable single combats which the old fire-eater had witnessed, heard of, or shared in. Dessert is on table, when

these bellicose reminiscences are interrupted by the arrival of Kersent.

"Allow me to enjoy your society," said the new comer, "until the arrival of Marsanne, who is behind his time, as usual."

"With great pleasure," replied the major cordially. "What will you take?"

"Nothing; I should spoil my dinner. Well! young man," continued Kersent, addressing himself to Movillez, "so we are getting on in the world, conquering a position, becoming a lion of the very first water. The *Journal des Chasses* talks of nothing but your exploits at the Rambouillet hunt."

"How so?" cried Movillez, greatly surprised.

"Yes, in the account of the day's sport it cites the elegant, the courageous, the dauntless Movillez as first in at the death. Two pages about you, neither more nor less, in the style of the passage of the Rhine by defunct Boileau."

"I did not deserve such praise. Henceforward, I will take the paper."

"You cannot do less."

"Read the article twice," said d'Havrecourt, who had listened attentively to Kersent's words. "You know me for a man of peaceable temper and disposition, an enemy, both by nature and habit, of all violence. Well, I read that article to-day, and it seemed to me that under the form of praise it concealed a tendency to satire. I hesitated to tell you of it, but since another has started the hare, you shall have my candid opinion on the subject. We must not allow the press to take liberties with us; a man of the world should be extremely severe with those who dare to turn his private life into ridicule. Read the article attentively, and if you are of opinion the affair should be followed up, which in my conscience I think it ought to be, why, then," concluded the major martially, "you may reckon on my services."

"Parbleu! d'Havrecourt," cried Kersent gayly, "you won't succeed in setting us by the ears."

"What! the article is yours?" exclaimed the two diners.

"Mine. Your astonishment does not indicate a very flattering estimate of my literary capacity. Yes, my friends! I mean to make myself a position. I aspire to become a legislator, and by way of getting my hand in, I write for the *Journal des Chasses*. Electors like to find in their candidate a man of letters, rich in the honors of pica and long-primer. So I flatter the elective weakness; I sacrifice to the parliamentary calf. Ah! only let me get into the chamber," continued Kersent, in the tone of a future tribune, "and you shall see me take up a solid position. My plans are formed. Once in the chamber, I defend the partridge, I plead for the rabbit, I declare myself the champion of fur and feather. Find a college of electors intelligent enough to return me, and you shall have a game-law worthy of Solon. It is already framed in my head. Death for the poacher, death for the snare-setter; the philanthropical system of the committee of public salvation! With such a law, you would soon see prodigious results. * * * But I arrived only this morning from Plessy, with Marsanne, and we set out again to-morrow for the forest of Orleans. His hunting equipage has preceded us. Any fresh scandal here? Are you successful with Lady Emilia? Sapristie! if she does not look favorably on you after your exploits of last week, her heart must be granite."

"Perhaps!" muttered Movillez with an air of consummate coxcombry.

"The *perhaps* is very significant; but I know your discretion, and will question you no further. And Vassigny, how is he? what is he doing? where is he?"

"I know a thing or two about him; and by the bye, I will tell you what I know. You may be able to help me in my researches."

"I am all ears," said Kersent. "Ah! there you are, Marsanne! three quarters of an hour late, that's all; if I have an indigestion I shall know whom to thank. But hush! Movillez is about to unfold the mysteries of Vassigny."

"Marsanne, who had just arrived, nodded to his friends, and lent his attention to Movillez, who began as follows:

"I have given up the new system of horsemanship, and devote myself entirely to the equitation of the race-course; I am resolved to make a brilliant appearance next spring upon the turf of Versailles. Every day I take a sweating in the Bois de Boulogne, under the guidance of Flatman the jockey, who meets me at nine in the morning at the corner of the Allée de Marigny. I leave my house, therefore, at half-past eight, and proceed to my appointment by the Rue de la Pépinière and the Rue de Miromesnil. Several days together I met Vassigny at that unusual hour, in that out-of-the-way quarter, and saw him enter a small house, No. 17, in the Rue de Miromesnil, where it is impossible any acquaintance of his can live. This very morning I saw him again, and I determined to solve the riddle. I sauntered up and down the street, and, thank Heaven! my patience was not put to a very severe trial. A little blue hackney-coach, of mysterious aspect, with the blinds down, turned out of the Rue Verte, and stopped at No. 17. The coach-door opened, a lady tripped down the steps with the rapidity of a frightened doe and darted into the house. Impossible to say who it was. Her figure was elegant; she wore a dark-colored morning dress; an odious black veil, impenetrable to the eye, fell from her velvet hat. But there was such an aristocratic air about her, such a high-bred atmosphere environed her, that I would wager my head it was some duchess or marchioness. The driver had resumed his seat, and I was venting execrations on black veils, when the god of scandal came to my aid. I perceived, on the pavement at my feet, a little purse which the lady had dropped. In a second, I had picked it up, thrust it in my pocket, and ran away like a thief with the police at his heels. As to the purse," continued Movillez, producing a small purse of plain green silk net-work, "here it is. Let us see if you can guess its owner; for my part I have not even a suspicion."

"The purse, curiously examined by Kersent and D'Havrecourt, at last came into the hands of Marsanne. He looked at it for a few moments, and then with a severe expression of countenance, addressed Movillez:

"You are young, Monsieur de Movillez," he said, "allow me to tell you how a well-bred man, a man of delicacy, would have acted under such circumstances. He would have given the money to the poor and thrown the purse into the fire. I will do for you what you should have done yourself."

"And approaching the fire-place, Marsanne dropped the purse upon the glowing embers, which instantly consumed it. There was something

noble and solemn in the action of the count's; the blood of the French chevaliers, those loyal subjects of beauty, had been stirred in the veins of their descendant by the recital of this blamable act of curiosity. Marsanne continued:

"Allow me to tell you, sir, that the men of your generation, accustomed to live with courtesans, and to seek venal and ready-made loves, are ignorant of what is due to women because they are women. None make more allowance than I do for the levities of youth. But what I blame is, that in utter wantonness, and for the gratification of an idle curiosity, you lift the curtain shrouding a secret, and pour out misery and desolation upon a poor woman, more deserving, perhaps, of censure than of utter condemnation. Be not more severe than a husband—you, a young man, liable to profit by such errors; and remember that a true gentleman will respect women even in their weaknesses. Weigh my words, M. de Movillez; you will not be offended at my frankness."

A few hours after this scene, the Countess de Marsanne, alone in her boudoir, and busy with her embroidering frame, receives a visit from her husband. Just returned from one hunting-party, and about to start upon another, the incorrigible sportsman is seized with remorse at the solitude to which his wife is condemned, and, touched by her resignation to a lonely and cheerless existence, he generously resolves to sacrifice his own pleasures to her happiness. He proposes that they should go to Italy, and pass the winter at Florence or Naples, where he trusts to wean himself from the chase and acquire a taste for domestic enjoyments. The countess refuses to take advantage of the generous impulse, professes her sincere friendship for her husband, but avows that her love for him has fled, driven from her heart by suffering and neglect.

"At this moment Madame de Marsanne's maid came to tell her that her bedroom was ready for her reception. Then she added:

"I have looked everywhere for the purse of Madame la Comtesse, but it is nowhere to be found."

"At these words, Marsanne's countenance assumed a singular paleness, and it was all he could do to master his emotion and say to his wife:

"You have lost your purse?"

"Yes," replied the countess, unobservant of her husband's agitation; "or, rather, I have mislaid it in some corner."

"It was doubtless of value?"

"Oh! by no means. A little green silk purse, my own work, and nearly empty."

"The count remained motionless, like a man struck by a thunderbolt.

"You have no commissions for Plessy?" he at last articulated, breathing short and quick, and not knowing what he asked.

"I thought you just said you were going to Orleans," replied the countess.

"I shall visit Plessy on my return."

"Then kiss my little godson Henriot. Much pleasure to you; and return as soon as possible."

Marsanne raised the countess' hand to his lips, and left the boudoir; but he staggered like a drunken man, and was obliged to support himself by the banister in order to reach his room.

Towards the middle of the night, a belated passenger through the Rue d'Anjou would have witnessed a curious spectacle. Although the cold was intense, a window was wide open, and by the

light of a lamp a man was to be seen leaning upon the balustrade. From time to time, deep-drawn sobs of rage and despair burst from his breast, and he violently pressed his head between his hands, as if to prevent it from splitting. This man was the Count de Marsanne.

"The following morning a hackney coach, containing a lady closely veiled, had scarcely turned from the Rue Miromesnil into the Rue Verte, when a man, who for some time previously had paced to and fro, muffled in a large cloak, paused at No. 17 in the former street, dropped the folds of his mantle, and took off a pair of huge green spectacles that previously concealed his face. The Count de Marsanne, for he it was, remained motionless beside the door whence the coach had driven. From his extreme paleness, and the gloomy immobility of his features, he might have been taken for a statue of stone.

"The hackney-coach was scarcely out of sight, when Vassigny appeared at the door of No. 17. On beholding him, the count's eyes sparkled; he extended his hand and seized Vassigny by the arm.

"Will M. de Vassigny," he said, "honor me with a moment's interview?"

"Don Juan, dragged towards the abyss by the statue of the commanditaire, cannot have experienced such a feeling of terror as at that moment took possession of Vassigny.

"Sir," * * * * he stammered, "I know not" * * * *

"I ask an interview, sir," said the count, with sinister calmness; "I have grave matters to discuss with you; we should not be at our ease in the street; will you be good enough to conduct me to your house?"

"Really, I know not what you mean."

"I repeat, M. de Vassigny, that I have things to say which none but you must hear. Be so kind as to lead the way."

"My house, as you know, is in the Rue de Provence," said Vassigny, with a constrained air. "I shall be happy to receive you there."

"Let us go," said the count.

"They walked in the direction of the Rue de Provence. By the time he arrived there, Vassigny's emotion had attained the highest pitch, and his legs bent under him as he ascended the stairs.

"A servant introduced the two men into an elegant drawing-room.

"There was a moment of terrible silence: Marsanne seemed to have shaken off his gloomy despair; inflexible resolution was legible in his eyes. Vassigny, on the contrary, appeared exhausted and overcome, a criminal awaiting sentence of death.

"You have seen Madame de Marsanne this morning," said the husband, with strange solemnity.

"Madame de Marsanne! * * * * In Heaven's name, you are mistaken!" cried Vassigny. But his tone of voice, and the wild expression of his features, fully confirmed the count's words.

"You have seen Madame de Marsanne this morning," repeated the count. "I know, sir, that as a man of honor, you are incapable of betraying a lady's secret; but I prefer the evidence of my eyes even to your word."

"Well, sir, my life is yours—take it!" cried Vassigny, casting towards heaven a glance of rage and despair. Marsanne gazed at the young man for a brief space, and then resumed:

"Listen to me, M. de Vassigny. The law authorized me to assassinate you, but that is not a gentleman's revenge. The law further authorized me to have my dishonor certified by a commissary of police, and to drag you before the tribunals for condemnation—six months' imprisonment and a few thousand francs' damages!—Mockery!! My instinct of honor rejected such an alternative. An honorable man revenges himself of an outrage by meeting his offender bare-breasted, and with equal weapons. You think as I do, sir?"

"Your seconds, your time, your arms?" cried Vassigny, all his courage revived by this appeal to the point of honor.

"Patience, sir—patience. The time will come when we shall meet face to face; but the hour of that mortal combat has not yet tolled."

"I await your orders; from this day forward I am ready."

"I expected no less, sir, from your courage."

"There was a pause, and then Marsanne continued.

"Whatever be the issue of our duel," he said, "you have poisoned my life, heaped misery and bitterness upon the rest of my days. I believe you capable of appreciating what I am about to demand. Yesterday, sir, when I became aware of my dishonor, my first thought was a thought of blood. Then I examined my own conscience—a cruel and painful examination; for I was compelled to own that if Madame de Marsanne had betrayed me she was not alone to blame. I searched the innermost recesses of my heart, and I felt that this woman, abandoned by her husband, had at least the excuses of unhappiness and neglect. I thought of my poor child, whose mother's name I should tarnish, and my thirst of vengeance yielded to these all-powerful considerations. Honor requires, sir, that I should take your life, or you mine: but it demands still more imperatively that the cause of the duel should remain unknown."

"A pretext is easily found; a quarrel at the theatre or club will suffice."

"What, sir?" replied Marsanne, "you, who know the world and its greedy curiosity as well as I do, can you think that it will be satisfied with a frivolous pretext, and will not strive, by cruel investigation, to penetrate our secret? No, sir! to-day a duel would leave too large a field for conjecture; our meeting must be prepared long beforehand. In this night of agony I have calculated everything; the interests of my vengeance, the interests of my honor, the interests of a woman whom I still love."

"The count's voice quivered as he pronounced these last words, and a scalding tear coursed down his cheek.

"Your wishes are orders for me," said Vassigny.

"You shall give me your word of honor," continued the count, "that from this moment you will see Madame de Marsanne no more. Then, resuming a gay life, you shall make a parade of some intrigue, either in society or behind the scenes of a theatre, which, by misleading suspicion, will enable us to have the meeting you must desire as much as myself."

"Vassigny reflected for a few moments, and replied in a firm tone—

"Monsieur le Comte," he said, "I have long known you for one of those men with whom honor stands before everything; and from the very first day I made, as now, the sacrifice of my life. But

I am not bound to do more ; and if I subscribe to your demand, I have a right also to stipulate a condition.'

" ' You ! ' exclaimed Marsanne, with repressed fury.

" ' Yes, I ! ' repeated Vassigny, with indescribable energy : ' my honor and my heart render it my imperious duty. Pledge me your word as a gentleman, that for every one, even for Madame de Marsanne, the real cause of our duel shall remain an impenetrable secret, and I at once adhere to all your conditions.'

" ' You love her, then, very dearly,' * * * * * said the count, with a bitter laugh.

" ' Enough to sacrifice my life, my honor, even my love, to her repose.'

" After a few instants of silence, the count again spoke in a grave voice :

" ' You do your duty as a man of honor, sir, as I have done mine ; and I now pledge my word that for every one, even for Madame de Marsanne, the cause of our duel shall remain a profound secret.'

" ' On your day, at your hour, I am ready,' said Vassigny.

" ' I thank you, sir ; depend on my word, as I depend on yours.' And with a dignified wave of the hand to his adversary, Marsanne left the room."

This violent scene had exhausted Vassigny's fortitude ; the count gone, he sank into an arm-chair, covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child.

Some weeks have elapsed and the characters of the tale are assembled at a theatre ; Marsanne, his wife, and Kersent in a box—Movillez and D'Havrecourt in stalls—Mademoiselle Francine on the stage. Vassigny, in one of the proscenium boxes, has no eyes or ears but for the actress. He has kept his word to Marsanne, and Paris rings with the scandal of his attachment to Francine. She is the *Chien d'Alcibiade*. Strictly honorable in the observance of his promise, he has neither seen nor written to Madame de Marsanne since the day of his terrible interview with her husband. Such self-denial has not been exercised with impunity. In a few weeks, ten years have passed over the head of the unhappy Gaston de Vassigny. His brow is furrowed, his temper soured, and his amazed friends attribute these sad changes to his insane passion for the worthless Francine. He plays high ; it is to supply the wants of his extravagant mistress. At the club, Marsanne is his usual antagonist, and always wins. Vassigny loses his temper with his money, and says harsh things to the count, who bears them with exemplary patience, for the hour of his revenge is not yet come. But if Vassigny is supremely wretched, Amélie de Marsanne is not less so. She too, within a few weeks, has changed so as to be scarcely recognizable ; and on her wan and pallid countenance the outward and visible signs of a breaking heart are unmistakably stamped. In vain has she striven to learn the reason of Vassigny's sudden and unaccountable estrangement. He steadily avoids her. She sees him in public, ostentatiously displaying his disgraceful *liaison* with a low actress, constant in his attendance at her performances, galloping on the Champs Elysées beside the carriage he has given her. She catches the innuendos of his acquaintance, sneering at or pitying his infatuation. At the theatre, on the night in question, she is agonized by the malicious jests of little Movillez, who pitilessly ridicules Vassigny's absurd and ignoble passion. Early the

next morning Vassigny receives one of Kersent's cards, with a request written upon it for an immediate visit. Supposing his friend to have had a quarrel, and to need his services, he hurries to his house. Kersent, who is soundly sleeping, abuses his visitor for arousing him, declares he has sent no message, and disavows the handwriting on the card. Just then the servant enters and announces the arrival of a veiled lady, who waits in an adjoining apartment to speak to the Viscount de Vassigny.

With pensive and care-laden brow ; Gaston left his friend's room, and entered that in which the lady waited. But on the threshold he paused, and a deep flush overspread his countenance. He beheld Madame de Marsanne.

It was indeed the countess, who, in contempt of propriety, and half-crazed with suffering, had resolved to hear her sentence from Vassigny's own lips. In vain she had written to him—her letters remained unanswered ; in vain she had neglected no means of seeing him—her endeavors had invariably been fruitless. Her heart torn by such ingratitude, and by the scandalous passion Vassigny paraded for Mademoiselle Francine, she had not hesitated to seek an interview in the house of her husband's cousin. In the sad conversation that ensued, the most touching appeal that tenderness and suffering could inspire was addressed by the Countess de Marsanne to Vassigny. But he was able to impose silence on the passion that devoured him.

Divided between his love and the respect due to his plighted word, the two most violent sentiments that find place in man's bosom, Gaston's heart bled cruelly ; but he triumphed over himself. Words full of the coldest reason issued from his lips ; he had sufficient strength to break forever the tie that bound him to the countess. These cruel words did not fail of their effect : Madame de Marsanne believed that she had honored with her tenderness one unable to appreciate its value, and incapable of a generous sacrifice.

" ' M. de Vassigny,' she said, ' you are a heartless man ! ' "

Such was the phrase that terminated this melancholy interview. The heart of Madame de Marsanne was broken, but a guilty love had forever left it.

Some moments after the close of this scene, Vassigny reentered Kersent's chamber ; but his face was livid, and he could scarcely drag himself along. Without a word, he sank upon a chair and remained plunged in the most gloomy despair. Kersent's countenance, usually so joyous, had assumed an expression of anguish. He had examined the writing on the card, and he could not conceal from himself that he knew the hand. The scene at the theatre the previous evening, came back to his memory : he remembered the strange melancholy of his cousin, her confusion when she returned him the card-case she had asked to look at ; and from all these things combined, he concluded that a fatal secret weighed upon two beings whom he cherished with equal tenderness. On beholding Vassigny's profound consternation, the sportsman heaved a sigh of deep distress.

" ' My dear friend,' he said to Gaston, ' a misfortune threatens you : open your heart to me, I conjure you, in the name of our old friendship.'

" Vassigny made no reply.

" ' Hear me, Gaston ; you know me well enough to be certain that no idle curiosity impels me. Perhaps I can serve you. If I may believe the sad

presentiment that fills my heart, you suffer not alone, and the poor woman that suffers with you has a right to all my sympathy. For she who has just left this house, is—"

"Vassigny sprang to his feet, and placed his hand over his friend's mouth. 'No, no!' he exclaimed, 'the fatal secret shall die with me.' Then, without another word, he sat down at a table, and with a trembling hand traced the following lines:

"Monsieur le Comte, there are tortures which human strength cannot endure. For mercy's sake let us terminate this sad affair as soon as may be, or I will not answer for keeping my promise. I shall pass the night at the club."

"This letter was addressed: '*Monsieur le Comte de Marsanne.*'"

At the club, the husband and the lover meet and play high. Vassigny loses, as usual; affects anger, shuffles the cards offensively, and hints suspicions of foul play. A challenge is the natural result. Late upon the following night, we find Kersent pacing the Boulevard in despondent mood, accompanied by D'Havrecourt, who has acted as one of Marsanne's seconds in the inevitable duel. They discuss the melancholy event of Vassigny's death, which has occurred that evening, a few hours after his adversary's ball had pierced his breast. Vassigny had fired in the air.

"The more I reflect on it," said D'Havrecourt, 'the more convinced I am that the unworthy affection of which Vassigny made a parade, was only a feigned sentiment, a mock passion thrown as a blind to the indiscreet curiosity of the world, to mask a devoted, although, perhaps, a guilty love. To you, who loved him as a brother, and to you alone, I may divulge an episode of this fatal drama. This it is. Vassigny was still stretched upon the grass; the surgeon, after vainly endeavoring to extract the bullet, put up his instrument, with a countenance that left me no hope. Tinguy had led away Marsanne; Navailles and Lord Howley had gone off in all haste, one to have everything prepared at Vassigny's house, the other to summon the first physicians. I was alone with the wounded man. His senses returned; he opened his eyes, and I saw by the expression of his agonized features that he wished to speak to me. I knelt beside him.

He raised his left hand, and in a feeble voice asked me to unfasten his shirt-sleeve. I obeyed. His wrist was encircled by a small bracelet of hair, so tightly fastened to the arm, that, to get it off, I had to cut the tress. "D'Havrecourt," said he, faintly, "that bracelet was only to quit me with life; I confide it to your honor; swear to annihilate it the instant you get home." I made the required vow, and from that moment he spoke not a word. On reaching home, my first care was to fulfil my promise, by burning the bracelet. It was composed of a tress of fair hair, and the hair of that Francine is black. And it was secured by a gold plate, upon which were engraved an A and a G intertwined, with the words "14 October, 1840."

"Oh! say no more, my dear friend," cried Kersent, interrupting the major. "Alas! I have too much reason to believe that there are now upon this earth two beings infinitely more to be pitied than Vassigny. He, at least, has found in death oblivion of his sorrows; but they survive for misery and tears."

None, save Kersent and D'Havrecourt, suspect the true cause of the duel; they are men of honor, and the secret is safe with them. For once, the inquisitive and scandal-loving Parisian world has been put upon a wrong scent. The count's precautions and Vassigny's sufferings have not been thrown away. The countess's reputation is saved—the honor of the De Marsannes remains unblemished. It is not without success that the ignoble Francine has been made unwittingly to play the part of the Dog of Alcibiades.

An epilogue, in the shape of a letter from Kersent, dated a year later, from the bivouac of Bab-el-Oued, closes this tragical and well-told tale. It informs D'Havrecourt and the reader of the death of the Count de Marsanne and his erring and unhappy wife. The latter had died some months previously, of a malady brought on by grief. The count met his fate by a Bedouin bullet in the deserts of Algeria. Kersent, whom affection and compassion had prompted to accompany his cousin in his last campaign, found upon the breast of the dead officer a locket enclosing a fragment of paper, the legacy of Madame de Marsanne to her husband. It contained the avowal of a fault and a prayer for pardon.

CLOTHING FOR THE YOUNG.—Are the little "Highlanders" whom we meet during three out of the four quarters of the year under the guardianship of their nurserymaids, dawdling about the streets, in our public walks or squares, properly protected from the cold? Are the fantastically-attired children whom we see "taking an airing" in carriages in our parks, sufficiently and properly clad? If these questions can be truly answered in the affirmative, then, and then only, my remarks are needless. There can enter into the parent mind no more baneful idea than that of rendering children "hardy" by exposing them unnecessarily to cold, and by clothing them inefficiently. I have known instances wherein parents, acting on this principle, have failed entirely in rearing their offspring. Does nature treat her progeny thus? Does she not, first of all, insure the birth of her young only at a kindly season, and then provide them with downy coverings, warm nests, and assiduous protectors? And we must imitate nature, if we would give to Britain a race capable and worthy of maintaining her independence and honor. The little denizens of a warm

nursery must not be subjected, without a carefully-assorted covering, to the piercing and relentless east or north-east wind; they must not be permitted to imbibe the seeds of that dreadful scourge of this climate—consumption—in their walks for exercise and health; they must be tended, as the future lords of the earth, with jealous care and judicious zeal. *One sixth of the deaths of young children, it must be remembered, result from cold.*—*Erasmus Wilson.*

MORAL EFFECTS OF PESTILENCE.—All witnesses, and a knowledge of our common nature, tell us that the continual recurrence of these scenes of sickness and death, instead of softening the heart, usually hardens it. Read the accounts of all great plagues; the plague at Athens—the plague at Milan, as described either in the historians of the day and the biographers of Cardinal Borromeo, or in the more popular pages of the best Italian novel, the "*Promessi Sposi*,"—read the account of the plague in London—and you will see that in all these cases the bulk of the people become more reckless and profligate than ever.—*Viscount Ebrington.*

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

LONGITUDE OF NEW YORK CITY BY MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

In the last Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, there is given some account of the measures which had been adopted for the determination of the difference of longitude between New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, by the magnetic telegraph! A line of wires was extended last summer from the General Post-office in Washington to the Naval Observatory; a wire was carried from the High School Observatory in Philadelphia to the main Baltimore line; and another wire was carried from the Jersey city telegraph office to a temporary observatory erected near the Presbyterian church. The observations at Washington were under the direction of Mr. S. C. Walker; those at Philadelphia were made by Professor Kendall; and those at Jersey city by Professor Loomis. Each observer had at his command a good clock, and a transit instrument for regulating it with the greatest precision. The clocks being properly regulated, all which is needed for the determination of the difference of longitude between these three places is the exhibition of some signal that can be heard simultaneously at each station. This is afforded by the click of a magnet, which is worked in the usual mode of telegraphic communications. These experiments were commenced last season, but were only partially successful. Signals were exchanged between Philadelphia and Washington on the 10th of October; but none were obtained from Jersey city.

We understand that these experiments have been resumed the present season, and that they have been crowned with success. The plan of operation we learn to be the following: At 10 o'clock in the evening, when the usual business of the telegraph company is concluded, the three observatories above named are put in communication with each other. They then correspond in the ordinary mode of telegraphing, to ascertain whether the arrangements are perfect, and the observers are all ready. The observer at Jersey city then gives warning to prepare for the transmission of clock signals. At the commencement of a minute by his clock, he strikes a key, (like the key of a piano,) and a click is heard simultaneously at Jersey city, Philadelphia, and Washington. The observers at the three places record the time, each by his own clock. In 10 seconds, Jersey city again strikes the key; a click is heard, and all record the time. At the expiration of another 10 seconds, a third signal is given in the same manner, and so on, to the number of twenty signals. After a pause of one minute, Philadelphia repeats the same series of signals, and all three observers record the time. After a similar pause, Washington begins, and gives another series of twenty signals. Thus the three observers obtain sixty comparisons of their clocks, which ought to give their difference of time with almost perfect accuracy. This method is beautiful in theory, and apparently very simple; but a great many disappointments have been experienced in reducing it to practice. The difficulties have, however, been surmounted. On the evening of the 19th instant, twenty clock signals were transmitted from Jersey city to Philadelphia, and the same number were returned. When the computations are completed for the exact determination of the time of the respective places, these observations will give the precise difference of longitude between Jersey city and the High School Observatory in Philadelphia.

According to a hasty comparison, this difference amounts to *four minutes and thirty seconds*. Since the 19th instant, similar sets of signals have been repeatedly passed between Jersey city and Philadelphia, and the comparisons will be continued until a further increase of accuracy is not to be expected.

This method of determining longitude was tried upon a small scale between Washington and Baltimore, soon after the erection of the telegraphic wire; with this important difference, however, that the comparison of time was made by means of a chronometer carried to the telegraph office. In the present experiments, the wire is continuous from the Philadelphia Observatory to the Jersey city Observatory; and the two clocks can be compared with about the same precision as if they were standing side by side in the same room.

It seems probable that this mode of determining longitude will supersede every other method, between places where a telegraphic wire is erected. The time required for the passage of the electric fluid through the distance of a hundred, or even a thousand miles, is entirely inappreciable; and the comparisons can be repeated at pleasure until a satisfactory result is obtained. We understand it is the intention of the superintendent of the coast survey, in due time, to extend this method to all the principal cities along our coast. We are not aware that this method has been attempted in any part of Europe.

DESCRIPTION OF AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

I MAY, perhaps, have spoken more feelingly on this subject, (the defects of modern gardening,) from having done myself what I so condemn in others—destroyed an old-fashioned garden. It was not, indeed, in the high style of those I have described, but it had many circumstances of a similar kind and effect. As I have long since perceived the advantage which I could have made of them, and how much I could have added to that effect—how well I could in parts have mixed the modern style, and have altered and concealed many of the stiff and glaring formalities—I have long regretted its destruction. I destroyed it, not from disliking it; on the contrary, it was a sacrifice I made against my own sensations to the prevailing opinion. I doomed it, and all its embellishments, with which I had formed such an early connection, to sudden and total destruction, probably much upon the same idea as many a man of careless, unreflecting, unfeeling good nature, thought it his duty to vote for demolishing towns, provinces, and their inhabitants in America; like me—but how different the scale and the interest!—they chose to admit it as a principle, that whatever obstructed the prevailing *system* must be all thrown down, all laid prostrate; no medium, no conciliatory methods were to be tried, but whatever might follow, destruction must precede.

I remember that even this garden, so infinitely inferior to those in Italy, had an air of decoration and of gayety, arising from that decoration; *un air paré*, a distinction from mere unembellished nature, which, whatever the advocates of extreme simplicity may allege, is surely essential to an ornamental garden. All the beauties of undulating ground, of shrubs, of verdure, are to be found in places where no art has ever been employed, and, consequently, cannot bestow a distinction which they do not possess; for, as I have elsewhere remarked, they must themselves, in some respects, be considered as unembellished nature.

Among other circumstances, I have a strong recollection of a raised terrace, seen sideways from that in front of the house, in the middle of which was a flight of steps with iron rails, and an arched recess below it, backed by a wood. These steps conducted you from the terrace into a lower compartment, where there was a mixture of fruit-trees, shrubs, and statues, which, though disposed with some formality, yet formed a dressed foreground to the woods; and, with a little alteration, would have richly and happily blended with the general landscape.

It has been justly observed, that the love of seclusion and safety is not less natural to man than that of liberty, and our ancestors have left strong proofs of the truth of that observation. In many old places there are almost as many walled compartments without, as apartments within doors; and, though there is no defending the beauty of brick walls, yet still, that appearance of seclusion and safety, when it can be so contrived as not to interfere with general beauty, is a point well worth obtaining; and no man is more ready than myself to allow, that the comfortable is a principle which should never be neglected. On that account, all walled gardens and compartments near a house—all warm, sheltered, sunny walks, under walls planted with fruit-trees—are greatly to be wished for, and should be preserved if possible, when once established. I therefore regret extremely, not only the compartment I just mentioned, but another garden immediately beyond it; and I cannot forget the sort of curiosity and surprise that was excited after a short absence, even in me, to whom it was familiar, by the simple and common circumstance of a door that led from the first compartment to the second, and the pleasure I always experienced on entering that inner and more secluded garden. There was nothing, however, in the garden itself to excite any extraordinary sensation; the middle part was merely planted with the lesser fruits, and dwarf trees; but, on the opening of the door, the lofty trees of a fine grove appeared immediately over the opposite wall; the trees are still there; they are more distinctly and openly seen, but the striking impression is gone. On the right was another raised terrace, level with the top of the wall that supported it, and overhung with shrubs, which, from age, had lost their formality. A flight of steps of a plainer kind, with a mere parapet on the sides, led up to this upper terrace underneath the shrubs and exotics.

All this gave me emotions in my youth, which I long imagined were merely those of early habit; but I am now convinced that was not all, they also arose from a quick succession of varied objects, of varied forms, tints, lights, and shadows; they arose from the various degrees of intricacy and suspense that were produced by the no less various degrees and kinds of concealment, all exciting and nourishing curiosity, and all distinct in their character from the surrounding landscapes. I will beg my reader's indulgence for going on to trace a few other circumstances which are now no more. These steps, as I mentioned before, led to an upper terrace, and thence, through the little wilderness of exotics, to a summer-house, with a luxuriant Virginia creeper growing over it; this summer-house and the creeper, to my great sorrow at the time, to my regret ever since, to my great surprise at this moment, and, probably, to that of my reader—I pulled down, for I was told that it interfered so much with the leveling of the ground, with its flowing line and undu-

lations, in short, with the prevailing system, that it could not stand. Beyond this again, as the last boundary of the garden, was a richly worked iron gate, at the entrance of a solemn grove; and they both, in no small degree, added to each other's effect. This gate, and the summer-house, and most of the objects I have mentioned, combined to enrich the view from the windows, and from the home terrace. What is there now? grass, trees, and shrubs only. Do I feel the same pleasure, the same interest in this ground? Certainly not. Has it now a richer and more painter-like effect as a foreground? I think not by any means; for there were formerly many detached pieces of scenery, which had an air of comfort and seclusion within themselves, and at the same time formed a rich foreground to the near and more distant woods, and to the remote distance.

The remark of a French writer may very justly be applied to some of these old gardens:—"L'agréable y étoit souvent sacrifié à l'utile, et en général l'agréable y gagna." All this, however, was sacrificed to undulation of ground only, for shrubs and verdure were not wanting before. That undulation might have been so mixed in parts with decorations and abruptnesses, that they would have mutually added to each other's charms; but I can now only lament what it is next to impossible to restore, and can only reflect how much more difficult it is to add any of the old decorations to modern improvements, than to soften the old style by blending with it a proper portion of the new. My object (as far as I had any determinate object besides that of being in the fashion) was, I imagine, to restore the ground to what might have been supposed to be its original state; I probably have, in some degree, succeeded, and, after much difficulty, expense, and dirt, I have made it look like many other parts of mine, and of all beautiful grounds, with but little to mark the difference between what is close to the house and what is at a distance from it, between the habitation of man and that of sheep.—*Sir Uvedale Price, on the Picturesque.*

PUBLIC CHARITIES.—The general principles by which men are actuated who bequeath fortunes to public charities are *fear* and *vanity*, more than benevolence, or the love of doing good, which will appear from the following considerations:—1st. If a man were possessed of real benevolence, and had (as he must then have) a delight in doing good, he would no more defer the enjoyment of this satisfaction to his death-bed, than the ambitious, the luxurious, or the vain, would wait till that period for the gratification of their several passions. 2dly. If the legacy be, as it often is, the first charitable donation of any consequence, it is scarcely possible to arise from benevolence; for he who hath no compassion for the distresses of his neighbors whom he hath seen, how should he have any pity for the wants of posterity. 3dly. If the legacy be, as is likewise very common, to the injury of his family, or to the disappointment of his own friends in want, this is a certain proof that his motive is not benevolence; for he who loves not his own friends and relations, most certainly loves no other person. Lastly. If a man hath lived any time in the world, he must observe such horrid and notorious abuses of all public charity, that he must be convinced (with a very few exceptions) that he will do no manner of good by contributing to them.—*Fielding.*

HISTORY.—History is the resurrection of ages past; it gives us the scenes of human life, that, by their actings, we may learn to correct and improve. What can be more profitable to man, than, by an easy change and a delightful entertainment, to make himself wise by the imitation of heroic virtues, or by the evitment of detected vices?—where the glorious actions of the worthiest treaders on the world's stage shall become our guide and conduct, and the errors that the weak have fallen into shall be marked out to us as rocks that we ought to avoid. It is learning wisdom at the cost of others; and, what is rare, it makes a man the better for being pleased.—*Feltham*.

SMALL LOAVES.—It is a sound dietetic observation, that bread, if wished to be as easily digested as possible, should be baked in small loaves. The principal reason for this is, that the products of fermentation, which are obstructive to digestion, escape more completely from a small loaf than from a large one. There is, moreover, less necessity for putting the bread into a very hot oven, or for keeping it in the oven so long a time as to deprive the outer part of its nutritive qualities. Bread baked in small loaves is sweeter to the taste than when baked in large loaves; and this is probably because it is more entirely freed from the products of fermentation.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen*.

THE AFFECTIONS.—It appears unaccountable that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to the head, with very little attention to the heart. From Aristotle down to Locke, books without number have been composed for cultivating and improving the understanding; but few, in proportion, for cultivating and improving the affections.

NEW BOOKS.

MESSRS. WILEY & PUTNAM have issued Nos. 101 and 102 of their Library of Choice Reading, containing *Izaak Walton's Complete Angler*, with instructions on trout fishing, by Charles Cotton, with copious notes, for the most part original, a biographical preface, giving an account of fishing and fishing-books from the earliest antiquity to the time of Walton, and a notice of Cotton and his writings by the American editor. This is the first American edition of Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*, which has passed through so many editions in England, where it has been illustrated by care and elegance. The preface to this edition says: "The American editor has made a pleasant recreation of preparing the work anew for the American public, with all the additional literary information which a long acquaintance with his author and an extensive library enabled him to gather, the references, with few exceptions, having been verified by his own search. Various hands have contributed such piscatorial lore, as, it was thought, might not be unwelcome to those who joined with their admiration of Walton's character and writings a love of his favorite amusement; but for the literary annotations the editor alone is responsible to the reader, who can scarcely be a severe critic upon one whose only aim was to give him pleasure not unmixed with profit."

These volumes contain an appendix, including illustrative ballads, music, papers on American fishing, and the most complete catalogue of books on angling, &c., ever printed. They are ornamented with wood cuts.—*Daily Advertiser*.

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